

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 3.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1894.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

AN ATROCIOUS MURDER.

ROBERT MCBURNEY, CHARGED WITH KILLING HIS CHILD.

The Complaint is Made by his Wife, who tells a Story of Awful Brutality. Full Particulars.

Robert McBurney lies in the county jail, awaiting a preliminary hearing on the charge of murder. It was to have taken place yesterday, but the sheriff did not return with some important witnesses in time. As soon as he returns the examination will take place before Municipal Judge Browne.

McBurney is a man about forty years of age, who has lived here for some time. He has worked at various places, and for some time has lived north of town in one of the homestead shanties which had been abandoned by its owner. He is the father of several children by his first wife. They were recently taken to the Catholic school at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., by the authorities.

The revealing of the story which led to McBurney's arrest was probably caused by the quarrels and final separation and divorce of him and his wife. Ever since Mrs. McBurney has been in the county jail, where she is held for trial on the charge of keeping a disreputable house, it has been evident that she has had something to tell in reference to her former husband which worried her considerably.

Last Thursday she told Sheriff Brazell that she now wished to believe her husband of the whole matter. That her husband had killed their little babe and that she would have long ago told of it, but for fear of his executing the threats he had made to kill her if she ever spoke of it. Her story as told then and repeated to District Attorney Miller in his office is that before the child was born, some two years ago, McBurney had made threats against it, as he did not want it around in the way. When it was about a month old he told his wife that he wanted her to go to McNaughton on an errand and after considerable persuasion she went, although hardly able to. On her return McBurney met her on the train at the crossing, told her to get off there—that he wanted no one in town to know she had been away, that the baby had died and no one knew it. She says he refused her request for an undertaker to come and properly care for the body and wanted to bury it underneath the shed. She says she went to an undertaker with money of her own and bought a coffin but that he would not allow them to bring it in the house or care for the child's body. She and a lady friend washed and laid out the body and the evidences of choking and beating were plainly visible on the back of the neck and breast. Mrs. McBurney accused her husband of having killed the child and he threatened to kill her if she ever mentioned it to anyone. Her story also contains many statements not relative to the murder but decidedly uncomplimentary to Mr. McBurney. The sheriff easily found him at the shanty where he is now living, north of town, having married again. When arrested he was very anxious to know the charge, but was not told until he arrived at the jail. On learning the contents of the warrant he said he had talked of that before, but that he didn't kill the baby. He says she left some stuff to feed it and that after eating it the child died.

A Successful Literary Event. Twenty of the members of Antigo Lyceum League came up last Friday to attend the debate between three of their members and the Representatives of the John C. Spooner Club of this place. The Baptist church was crowded in the evening with an audience which thoroughly enjoyed the debate. The question was on the proposition of whether or not the Indians had been less justly treated by the government. Antigo took the negative and Rhinelander the affirmative. Both sides plainly showed careful preparation and a grasp of the question which was highly satisfactory to the audience. The decision was in favor of Rhinelander.

The members of the John C. Spooner club entertained their guests in the best possible manner. All stood over until the late train Saturday and the day was passed in drives about the city. Saturday evening Judge McCormick and wife entertained the club and their guests in royal fashion. Music, games, and a splendidly served course of refreshments occupied the evening.

Joe Day was up to camp near Eagle this week.

Casper Faust is at Eagle River today on business.

Cy. C. Yawkey was here yesterday attending county board duties.

Professor Marsh, of the Antigo schools, visited friends here over Sunday.

J. A. Kollock, the well-known hotel man of Merrill, was in the city Monday.

Mrs. Parish Nichols has been quite sick for some time, but is now somewhat improved.

Attorney D. H. Walker was initiated into the Knights of Pythias lodge Friday evening.

Lumbermen report it pretty dull this month in sales. Very few inquiries are being received.

Langdon sells the cheapest, delivers the promptest and gives the best satisfaction of any grocer in the city.

Chairman Frank Rogers, of the Vilas county board, was in town yesterday on his way to Eagle River.

A fire alarm Tuesday afternoon called out both companies, but turned out to be nothing more than a false alarm.

Charley Rosenkrans, who is now running a restaurant at Duluth, was here this week for a short visit with friends.

J. E. Jackson was at Eagle River yesterday looking up the prospects of putting a steam heating outfit into the new court house.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Louis Zollinski was at Chicago last week buying his new spring stock of goods. He says he has got a better and larger selection than ever before.

Harry Ashton has moved his confectionery business and the Western Union and Telephone company offices into the building next to his old location.

The Bee Hive store has opened up in full blast, with a large stock of clothing, dry goods, etc. They are next to the City Market in the opera house block.

A pocket-book, containing a postal note for two dollars, and some confederate money, was lost on the streets this week. Finder will please return to this office. 2w

The county board were in session two days this week. The most of their time was consumed in auditing bills and going over the regular routine of business.

Don't bother with going to the market to order your meats, send a note or telephone the City Market and your orders are attended promptly and with as much care as if you yourself were at the market.

J. H. Schroeder has moved his harness shop into the Jewell building, several doors south of his former location. Frances Ulrich occupies a part of the new stand.

Canned fruits are the best imitation of the genuine article you can get at this season of the year, but there is no imitation on prices. Langdon has the only one that no one else meets. It pays to buy of him.

De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Prof. Vincent, of Indiana, delivered two lectures in the Grand Opera House this week under the auspices of the local Mill Men's Union. His subjects were "The Cause of the Panic" and the "Money Question." He is an advocate of fiat money scheme, and has evidently given the subject much thought. He had small audiences here. His trip includes speeches at Antigo, Eagle River and Tomahawk.

John Miller, who drives a delivery wagon for Harrigan Bros. & Co. had a narrow escape from a very serious if not a fatal injury last Saturday. While leading a horse it suddenly whirled and kicked him squarely on the side of the head. His ear was cut in two and some bad scalp wounds inflicted. He was unconscious for some time but comes out of it with no serious results. The ear was sewed up and will be as good as new.

WHO IS MISS BRADDOCK?

SHE CLAIMS TO KNOW THAT ROSE ZOLDOSKI IS INNOCENT.

A Tell-Tale Letter, Written Here, has Started Detectives after her. Her Whereabouts Still a Mystery.

Three weeks ago The New North published a short item to the effect that a sensation was likely to soon be sprung in connection with the Rose Zoldoski murder trial which would prove of interest to Rhinelander people. The intention at that time on the part of those interested in tracing out the mystery was to have nothing made public until a certain mysterious woman who figures as the central figure in the case could be found. But like many other such cases the springing has been done a little before the anticipated time. Saturday's Evening Wisconsin contained an article bearing the date line Rhinelander, which gave a garbled and incomplete story of what the sensation was. While The New North has been in possession of the facts for some time, they were not published for the reason that by printing them no good could be done and some harm might be worked against the efforts of the parties who were seeking to free Rose Zoldoski. The recent efforts of attorneys and friends of Miss Zoldoski to secure her liberation, from a life sentence at Waupun, which she is now serving, has rekindled public interest in the case all over the state. There is one woman in this part of the country who has taken an interest in the matter, and who unquestionably knows many of the circumstances attending the death of Ella May, which have never been made public and which will go far to show that an innocent woman is being punished for her death. Some three weeks ago a letter was sent from Rhinelander to the Torch of Liberty, at Wausau, a paper which has recently contained considerable comment on the alleged injustice of the imprisonment of Miss Zoldoski. The letter was in a lady's handwriting and was well-worded but poorly spelled. It told of the mental anguish its author had suffered on account of Rose Zoldoski's conviction, and said that Ella May was never poisoned as the jury said, and in a clearly stated manner made some startling accusations with regard to a certain physician whose name has always been a central figure in the case. The letter then gives a brief statement of the author's movements since leaving Richland Center, where she claims to have been an acquaintance and friend of the doctor, Miss May and Rose Zoldoski. She says that when she could hide her shame no longer she left her home and came to Rhinelander in company with her brother, who to shield her from the gossip of a cruel world, represented himself as her husband. That she went to the house of Ben Spooner, and there became a mother. That on recovery she left Rhinelander and that the child was adopted by Peter Eno. (All of this part of the letter is borne out by facts.) She says the father of that child has his features reflected unmistakably in those of the offspring. She signs the name of Minnie Bradlock to the letter, but admits that it is fictitious. She says she will not be found, and only writes that it may in some way help to do tardy justice to much wronged Rose Zoldoski.

On receipt of the letter, Mr. Barnum, who has long contended that Rose was imprisoned unjustly, set out to find the author of the strange letter. He came here three weeks ago to-day, and got a good description of the woman from Mr. Spooner and wife, and Doctor Daniels, who attended her while she was masquerading here as Mrs. Shields. No trace of her could be found at that time, but since then it has been definitely learned that she was in Rhinelander the day the letter was written. She stopped at the City Hotel, and a few days after the letter was sent said that she must leave or be called on to testify to something which she preferred death rather than do. Where she went was not surely known, but soon afterwards she telegraphed to have her trunk sent to Ewin, Mich. Mr. Barnum went there on the same train with the trunk, but the lady had gone.

Parties at Richland Center, who have been given a copy of the letter, say that the woman is probably the May Hinnman for whom Rose Zoldoski got up the party which immediately preceded Ella May's death. She is being traced from there and will no doubt soon be found. She is known to follow the work of a book agent

and stays a week or more in a town. When found she will be asked to make affidavits to all she knows in regard to the celebrated case and she evidently 'knows considerable. The child spoken of, which was adopted by Peter Eno, is still with him, at Woodruff where they now live. It is also known that this mysterious woman has been there to see her offspring more than once.

When "Minnie Bradlock," May Hinnman, Mrs. Shields, or whoever she is, is found, it is likely that she will be arrested for deserting her child here.

County Officers Salaries. The county board took up the question of salaries of the officers for the ensuing two years at their meeting Tuesday, and finally decided that the sheriff shall be paid \$3000 a year, out of which sum he shall pay his turkey and under-sheriff. The two thousand shall be in lieu of all fees chargeable to the county, but does not include the board of prisoners. The salary of the county clerk and county treasurer will be one thousand each, the court clerk will draw \$225, and fees. The District Attorney \$700. The superintendent of schools will get \$400.

Oscar Jenne came over from Woodboro to attend the county board meeting.

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs cream puffs and Boston brown bread at Keeble's bakery.

Judge J. O. Raymond and wife, of Stevens Point, were guests at A. W. Brown's this week.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, sick head ache, dyspepsia and nervousness. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The only way to buy a fur coat and buy it right is to look around before you purchase, and don't make the fatal mistake of not going to Deers.

Huner & Fenning at the City Market, are making a specialty of satisfying their patrons. They handle first-class meats and are prompt in getting out their orders. Try them.

It not only relieves; it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages, all conditions, at all times. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Mrs. Elizabeth Conrad, whose postoffice address is Medford, Wis., is desirous of finding the whereabouts of her daughter Lizzie, aged twenty-four years, who left her home four years ago to earn her own living.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

From the Austin, Minn. Daily Register we clip the following: Mrs. Perry, who has been visiting in our city for some time, the guest of Mrs. B. F. Johnson, left for her home in Rhinelander, Wis., to-day, in answer to a telegram. Mrs. Perry is one of the leading milliners in that city, and made many friends while here.

The Baptist Church Society held their annual meeting Thursday. The following officers were elected: Board of Trustees: Alex. McEae, D. B. Stevens, J. C. Wixson; Treasurer, Alex. McEae; Secretary, Edith Sawyer. Since the last annual meeting there has been ninety-one added to the church. Seventy-six more will receive the right hand of fellowship next Sunday morning.

The first of a series of meetings for men only was held Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church. While the attendance was small the meeting was nevertheless an interesting one. Hereafter each Sunday afternoon at four o'clock a meeting of this kind is to be held at that place of worship. A cordial invitation is extended to the men of this city to attend these meetings.

Rev. Joseph H. Chandler, the pastor-elect of the Congregational church, began last Sunday evening a series of sermons on "How to Make a Good Town." He spoke last Sunday on "Education Through Law." On the first three Sunday evenings in March he will discuss successively, March 4, "Public Spirit and Private Benefaction;" March 11, "Social Democracy;" March 18, "The Wider Ministry of the Church."

Unrest is the enemy of peace, the disturber of life, the promoter of care. No philosophy of life can be true that is not founded on rest. The author of the text illustrates that assertion. No brighter star ever shone on the world of literature. No dearest idol ever received the homage of society. The music of his harp entranced the world. Apollo might have envied his beauty. The play of his fancy embraced all things from the ocean to the insect. The lexicon of life was at his command. There was no strain of music, no thought of love, no word of endearment, no flight of imagination that did not find in his soul a home and a starting place. Yet in the brief time from boyhood to his early death he found no rest to himself. With all the elements of angelic being he was a Mephistopheles. Possessing the divine fire that should have lighted perpetual altars of love and peace, his mind became like the crater of an extinct volcano, and his life went out like a meteor or born of flame and sweeping through a clouded sky. This sad history of erratic genius is familiar to all. The lapse of years has not obscured that figure of misguided manhood which rose so grandly and perished so miserably; and so long as the world preserves the language in which he wrote, men will seek his pages and find food for joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, triumph and despair, love and hatred.

Why did disaster befall such personality? Why should one formed to enjoy all the blessings of peace carry in his soul a ceaseless war of elements and roam the world in a vain search for rest? Human philosophy cannot answer the question. The materialist cannot solve the problem. The elements which are earthly, earthy, cannot furnish rest? A few heathen philosophers apparently attained the goal of peace on earth, good will to men, but it was because they sought and found it in something higher and better than the philosophy of their own times. There is only one answer to the question. Rest and peace come from superhuman sources. The philosophy which ignores the divine is a delusion and a snare. It is a failure, proven so in the life of every man who has been content to rest his fate upon it.

Now what is the rest we seek? Rest is not incompatible with world conquering force. It is not inconsistent with ceaseless activity. The most active workers of the world, weary in body and exhausted in vitality, have yet enjoyed perfect rest and peace. But they were men who recognized a higher sustaining power, a hope and a future brighter than any attainable through worldly ambition. Rest is something given, not taken. It is conferred as a boon, not seized as a prize. There has been but one who could say truthfully "come unto me and I will give you rest." Even he could not say come unto me and take your rest, because the strongest cannot seize it. The wisest cannot create it. The most cunning cannot snare it. The greatest cannot claim it. There is only one source of rest and peace. That source is accessible to all. Its home is in perpetual sunshine and its benediction comes down in every ray. There is no need of searching or striving. All we have to do is to put ourselves in the sunny places of life, and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness will fall upon us with healing. Even the darkest shadows of life will be dispelled, unless they are shadows of our own making and under which we persist in living. As the sun's light is for all the world, so is this sacred rest for all mankind. Only substitute a divine for a human philosophy, and even amid the most intense activities of life we shall enter into rest which shall renew our waning energies, restore exhausted powers, and help us to win the goal which so many have missed by yielding to the stormy passions of life. So mote it be.

Groceries are the things which people should buy carefully if they wish to economize. Langdon's prices are such that you can buy more and make your monthly expenditure no higher. Try him and see.

Burns are absolutely painless when B.Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is promptly applied. This statement is true. A perfect remedy for skin diseases, chapped hands and lips, and never fails to cure piles. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Notice of Special Election. Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the following resolution which was duly adopted by the town board of Pelican on the 21 day of February, 1894, a special election will be held at the house on Rives street in the Village of Rhinelander in said town on the 16th day of March, 1894, to vote upon the question of the incorporation of said Village of Rhinelander as a city. The polls of said election will be opened between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon and closed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day. Said resolution is as follows, to-wit:

Whereas a due petition therefor signed by more than one hundred electors and taxpayers of the unincorporated Village of Rhinelander in the Town of Pelican, has been filed with the town clerk of Pelican, praying to have the question of the incorporation of said village as a city submitted to a vote of the electors of said village, said village containing a population of over two thousand according to the last national census, and the territory comprised therein and which is described in said petition being as follows: The north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section one (1) in township thirty-six (36) north of range eight (8) east. Lot nine (9) of section thirty-seven (37) north of range eight (8) east. The west half of section five (5) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. All of section six (6) in township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lots one (1) and two (2) of section seven (7) township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lot eight (8) of section eight (8) of township number thirty-six (36) north of range nine (9) east. Lots number five (5), six (6), seven (7) and eight (8), and the east one-half (1/2) of the south-east quarter of section number thirty-one (31) of township number thirty-seven (37) north of range nine (9) east.

Now therefore, Resolved that the question of incorporating the above described territory as the City of Rhinelander shall be submitted to a vote of the electors of said territory on the 16th day of March, 1894. Said city, if incorporated, until changed according to law, shall be divided into six (6) wards, as follows: 1.—All that part of said city lying north and east of a line drawn through the center of Pearl street and extended in a straight line to the limits of said city shall constitute the First Ward.

2.—All that part of said city not included in the First Ward lying both north of a line drawn through the center of Edgar street extended to the limits of said city and east of the Wisconsin river except mill lots C and D of the Original plat of the village of Rhinelander shall constitute the Second Ward.

3.—All that part of said city not included in the First and Second wards lying both east of Thayer street and north of a line running along the center of Davenport street to Oneda Avenue, thence south to the intersection of Oneda Avenue and Clark street, thence east along the center of Clark street and extended in a straight line to the city limits on the east, excepting blocks 4 and 9 of the Original Plat of the Village of Rhinelander shall constitute the Fourth Ward.

4.—All that part of said city lying both south of the Fourth Ward and north-east of the center of the right of way of the Chicago and North-Western R'y shall constitute the Fifth Ward.

5.—All that part of said city lying south of the Fourth and Fifth wards and east of the Wisconsin river shall constitute the Sixth Ward.

6.—All that part of said city not included in the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards shall constitute the Third Ward.

The polls of said election for all electors in said territory shall be held at the house on Rives street in said Village of Rhinelander. Dated Feb. 1, 1894.

W. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

Notice of Dissolution. Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Mrs. E. Marks and Mrs. S. Vansise has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Mrs. E. Marks continuing the business, paying all debts and collecting all accounts.

Mrs. E. Marks. Mrs. S. Vansise. Dated Feb. 19, 1894. 3w

Wanted—Saw Logs. The Stevens Lumber Company want to buy two million feet of logs.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale at the Palace Drug Store.

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REYNOLDS PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Regular Session.

In the senate the Hawaiian resolution was again the subject of discussion on the 14th. Senator Gray in the course of his remarks said that the administration had ceased its efforts in behalf of the deposed monarch. In the house the time was spent in debate on the Island sequestration bill.

The time of the United States senate on the 14th was consumed in the discussion of the house bill concerning the Rock Island Railroad company to stop its trains at the new towns of Ellettsville and Ellettsville Point in the Indiana territory. The nomination of Benjamin Leach, of Massachusetts, who has been three times nominated, and is now serving without confirmation as United States consul at Sherbrooke, Canada, was rejected. In the house Messrs. Quay and Strauss, members-elect from New York city to succeed Messrs. Fellows and Fitch were sworn in. The sequestration bill was further discussed.

In the senate on the 14th the newly-elected senator from the state of Mississippi (Mr. Mc Laurin) made his first appearance at the U. S. senate. A bill to establish a railroad in Indian territory to establish stations was passed. In the house the Island sequestration bill was further discussed.

Senator H. T. Stewart's nomination for associate justice of the supreme court was rejected in the senate on the 14th by a vote of 41 to 55. Senator H. T. Stewart introduced a bill for the suppression of lotteries. It defines the word "lottery" as a scheme to entice and seduce and to induce to play for money or property, and to establish the death penalty for them and abolishing the death penalty for other offenses. A bill to amend an act relating to the first and second degrees, manslaughter and criminal assault, providing punishment for them and abolishing the death penalty for other offenses. A bill to amend an act relating to the first and second degrees, manslaughter and criminal assault, providing punishment for them and abolishing the death penalty for other offenses.

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The twenty-sixth annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage association began in Washington. A fire in the Miller block at Columbus, O., did damage to the extent of \$250,000.

Prominent residents of Chicago have formed an organization the mission of which is purification of municipal politics.

The state normal and training school at Oneonta, N. Y., was burned to the ground, the loss being \$150,000.

John Y. McKane, charged with intimidation of voters and gross election frauds, was found guilty in Brooklyn, N. Y., of all the counts in the charge.

May Lincoln, leading actress of the Palmer company, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid at San Francisco.

Gen. J. M. A. Earl, aged 80 years, the ranking officer of the late rebellion, fell down stairs at Lynchburg, Va., and was probably fatally injured.

CLEVELAND, O., is favored as the place for holding the general conference of Methodists in 1900.

The Ohio senate passed a bill requiring that all physicians must be examined, and providing a board for the purpose.

There were 325 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 16th, against 253 the week previous and 197 in the corresponding time in 1899.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 16th aggregated \$780,251,711, against \$583,216,856 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1899, was 25.1.

GOVERNMENT ownership of the Nicaragua canal and annexation of Hawaii were favored by the trans-Mississippi congress in session in San Francisco.

ROBERTS ditched a Southern Pacific train at Roscoe, Cal., and secured considerable booty. A fireman and a tramp were killed.

FRANK H. HARPER, said to be a clever forger, swindled two Chicago banks out of \$9,800 by raised checks.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CLARK's wholesale drug house in Detroit, Mich., was destroyed by fire, the loss being \$170,000.

ALL but \$2,000,000 worth of the new 5 percent bonds have been paid for and the money covered into the treasury.

The lowest prices ever known in this country were reached during the week ended on the 16th in wheat, silver, coke and some forms of iron and steel.

DISASTROUS land owners brought work on a Florida road to a stop by planting dynamite bombs along the right of way.

JOE DICK, an Indian, who murdered Thomas Gray last August, was executed at the county courthouse near Eufaula, I. T.

EXTRAORDINARY reports of the movement were made to the national woman's suffrage convention in Washington.

BECAUSE he married an actress Robert L. Cutting, of New York, forfeited all interest in his grandfather's immense estate.

NO IMPROVEMENT was reported in the business situation throughout the country.

WILLIAM LEONARD was hanged at Frederick, Md., for the killing of Jesse Anderson, a railway trackman, on September 6, 1899, at Lime Kiln. He is said to have had four living wives.

EFFIGIES of Secretary of Agriculture Morton were found hanging at several points in Nebraska City.

EIGHT unrecognizable corpses and the timbers of two vessels were washed ashore near Provincetown, Mass.

THE George Clark lands in New York will be sold, after having been in the family since 1700.

DONNIS HAMMER was convicted of a white cap outrage at Double Springs, Ala., and fined \$500. It was the first conviction of the kind in the state.

TWO SLUGS which assaulted Mrs. Annie Buckner, an aged white woman, were lynched by a mob near Birmingham, Ala.

A CYCLOPE did great damage to property near Homer, La., and killed two children.

EDWARD C. GRAHAM, sent to jail at Harrisburg, Pa., for assault and battery upon the oath of a brother, committed suicide.

FRED MEYERS and Anton Skinhof were suffocated by gas in a hotel in Kenosha, Wis.

GRAIN men say the recent heavy snow will make a wheat crop of 100,000,000 bushels in Kansas.

THIRTY-SEVEN of the fifty-eight coal miners charged with riot at Pittsburgh, Pa., were found guilty.

It is a mistake Mr. Luke, of Nashville, Ill., was confirmed by the senate as postmaster at Nashville, Ia.

MRS. NANCY CALLAHAN died suddenly at Urbana, O., at the age of 103 years. Col. J. D. STEVENSON, who went to California in 1847 and headed the regiment of New York volunteers which went to that state during the Mexican war, died in San Francisco, aged 84.

Gen. EDWARD F. HINCKES died at Cambridge, Mass., from wounds received while in the civil war. He was the first volunteer.

THOMAS J. PARKER, a 49er and one of the captors of Jeff Davis, died at Allegan, Mich., aged 72.

USCLE SKEGERT, 107 years of age, died at Deblong, Ga. At the age of 93 he married for the first time.

A HEAR SMITH died at Lancaster, Pa., aged 79 years. He served in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-six, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth congresses.

RICHARD P. DANA, who went around the world five times, died at his New York home.

JULIA TRINSON (colored) died at Newark, N. J., aged 114 years.

FOREIGN.

HANS VON BULOW, the distinguished German pianist, died at Cairo, Egypt. He was born at Dresden January 8, 1830.

In the recent storm in Germany six fishing boats on the Baltic sea were lost and twenty-two men were drowned. At Altona, on the Elbe, eleven persons were drowned, and eight foresters were killed near Ziegelmort.

THREATS to assassinate President Carnot were contained in anarchist manifestoes circulated in Paris and Algiers.

JAPANESE advices say that a fire at Kagoshima destroyed 500 dwelling houses and four men were burned to death.

GEO. GARVELL, of the Canadian province of Prince Edward's Island, is dead. Is a railway accident near Jelani, Russia, two engines and twelve carriages were destroyed, thirteen persons killed and a large number injured.

A FRENCH anarchist was blown to pieces in a London park by falling upon a bomb in his pocket.

PRESIDENT BOLKE, of Hawaii, gives his grounds for complaint against the United States in a long letter to Minister Willis at Honolulu.

THREE shots were fired by the Brazilian insurgents at a launch from the United States war vessel Newark.

WHILE going from Port Albert to Melbourne, Australia, the steamer Alert was sunk and all but one of her crew of fifteen were drowned.

WHILE the German cruiser Brandenburg was on her trial trip near Stollergrund her boilers burst and forty-two men were killed.

SEVENTY-FIVE Temachians were killed in a battle with Mexican troops near Eliza, and twenty-five who were made prisoners were shot.

THE American line steamship Park was disabled when two days out from Southampton and was compelled to put back.

THE death of King Lobengula was confirmed. The African monarch succumbed to disease, not to a British bullet.

FRENCH imports in 1899 amounted to 2,076,000,000 francs, this being the first year since 1883 that they have fallen below 4,000,000,000.

REPORTS that Brazilian insurgents fired upon a launch belonging to the Newark, of the American navy, are denied.

A BOAT found in one of the busiest streets caused another Parisian sensation.

THE loss of the tug Millard off the coast of Nicaragua with sixty souls on board was confirmed.

LATER.

THE president the 19th sent the name of Senator White, of Louisiana, to the senate for justice of the supreme court. The nomination was confirmed at once.

THE convicted murderer, Matthew Ashton, held in the jail at Madison, Wis., pending a new trial, died the 19th of smallpox. He was worth \$250,000.

EVANS, the California outlaw, and his companion, Morrill, surrendered the 19th to the officers and a posse, which had surrounded Evans' home near Visalia, Cal.

JOHN Y. MCKANE, the political boss of Gravesend, N. Y., convicted of corrupting elections, was, the 19th, sentenced to six years in prison.

THE trial of 12 anarchists arrested last September, charged with conspiring against the life of Emperor Joseph, began at Vienna, Austria, the 19th.

THE president the 19th transmitted to congress another chapter in the volume of Hawaiian correspondence, including the dispatches which arrived from Hawaii at San Francisco, Feb. 10, and reached the state department last Saturday morning.

THE eastbound passenger train on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad was wrecked the 19th near Westington, S. D. No one was killed, but considerable damage was done.

A CRIMINAL WITH NERVE.

His Bold Escape from Officers Only to Be Recaptured.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Leroy Harris, alias William H. Clark, was being arraigned in the United States court Saturday afternoon on a charge of forging postal department money orders when he suddenly drew a revolver and cried out: "Hands up, gentlemen!"

Two deputy United States marshals, Inspector Lawrence Lethman, of the postal department, United States Commissioner Fairchild and United States District Attorney Mackey were in the room. The three first named were armed, but all complied with the order of the prisoner and five pairs of hands were pointed heavenward.

Harris stood near the door, which had been locked to exclude reporters, and kept the officials covered with the revolver in his right while he unlocked the door with his left. With a parting curse and a command to remain in their submissive attitudes Harris jumped into the corridor and locked the door, leaving his captors prisoners.

Deputy Marshal Watts, one of those whom Harris locked in the room, threw up the window and fired five shots at the fleeing figure of Harris as he ran down Seneca street, but did not hit Harris or, luckily, anyone else. The door of the room was forced and the officials gave chase, but Harris escaped in the crowd on the streets.

The police department was called upon for assistance and men were posted in all parts of the city, and descriptions of Harris were sent to all surrounding towns. Capt. Stewart, inspector of the post office department, kept a lookout at Niagara Falls, Ont., and on the arrival of Harris there captured him without a struggle, and without waiting to secure extradition papers immediately boarded a train for Chicago. It is probable that this may cause international complications.

The crimes for which Harris is wanted were committed in various parts of the country. On January 3 he went into a post office in Connecticut and told the postmaster that he was a postal inspector. After examining the books he said he would like a quantity of black money orders and advices. These are given to him and he departed. He has been seen since with forged orders and advices from which he secured \$2,000. The offices at Decatur, Aurora, Joliet, Bloomington, Chicago and La Salle, in Illinois, and paid out on forged orders \$100 each; Fort Wayne, Ind., a like sum; Valparaiso, Ind., \$100; and several other cities \$250 each.

MRS. LEASE A MASON.

Says She Knows All Secrets and Will Initiate Other Women.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 20.—Mrs. M. E. Lease announces that she is a mason in good standing, a Knight Templar and a member of Hugh de Layne commandery of Fort Scott. She wears a conspicuous place a Knight Templar charm with the keystone and other insignia of the order and declares she is as much entitled to display it as any male member of the order. She has talked with a number of masons to whom she has demonstrated that she knows all the signs, grips and passwords of the blue lodge and chapter, and she claims that she came into possession of them in a legitimate manner. Speaking of her membership in the order she said:

"If masonry is good for men it is better for women as we are a kind of protection to men and by giving a sign of the order I was saved from personal violence, and from that moment I resolved to give to all deserving women the advantage of masonry that I enjoy. I have other plans for my future aside from politics and the lecture field. I propose to devote a large share of my time to teaching women the secrets of masonry. As a woman I am interested in the details of masonic work to a high degree, it will not be necessary for me to obtain the permission of any masonic body before beginning work in this field, and if the men decline to recognize my converts to masonry we can act independently of them and time will force them to cooperate with us."

While Mrs. Lease admits it is contrary to the laws of masons to initiate women into its mysteries, she insists that she became a mason in a strictly legitimate way, but declines to give particulars of the manner in which she acquired the secrets of the order. Mrs. Lease challenges any mason to test her knowledge of the secret work of the order. The masons, of course, deny her claims and say that she is not a mason, and that if she has obtained the secrets of the order it was by undue means.

DR. ENGLISH DEAD.

He Was Abraham Lincoln's Close Friend and Roommate.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 20.—Dr. Reed Warton English, aged 84, a native of Kentucky, died Saturday of old age. Dr. English served three terms in the Illinois state legislature, and at the time was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln. The men rooming together. He was a delegate from Illinois to a large number of democratic national conventions, and for many years was chairman of the Illinois democratic state committee. Shortly before Lincoln was chosen president Dr. English was instrumental in preventing a duel between him and Gen. Shields.

SIX MORE DIE AT KIEL.

Death List of Brandenburg Explosion Victims Is Increased.

KIEL, Feb. 20.—Six of the men who were injured by the explosion on the cruiser Brandenburg died Saturday morning at the military hospital. This makes forty-five deaths from the accident. It is learned that the main pipe of the starboard engine burst while the indicators were showing that the engines were developing only 7,200 horsepower. It is said a much higher pressure had previously been used.

Five Drowned.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 20.—T. E. Larnell, a sheepman of Fobry county, arrived here Sunday and brought news of the drowning of a ranchman named Frank Randall, together with his wife and three children, in the Rio Grande river at a point near Prisdio, San Vincente, Mexico. The river is easily forded at that place, but in some manner the wagon in which Randall and his family were crossing was upset, and before any of the occupants could get from under the box they were drowned. All the bodies were recovered.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Confessed and Was Lynched.

Andrew Fikkarion, a Russian Finn, was lynched at Ewen, a small village near West Superior. Fikkarion was arrested for assaulting a child at Bruce's Crossing and taken in Ewen, where he was placed in jail. He admitted his guilt, and fifty citizens wearing masks surrounded the jail structure in which he was placed to lynch him. Officers protested, but to no avail. The jail doors were smashed in and the culprit dragged out. A rope was placed about his neck and he was dragged 50 rods to a railroad trestle, where he was hanged.

One Year for Bigamy.

Frank Cone, of Racine, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for bigamy. When he first married he was but 17 years old, and after living with his wife two years they separated, and he subsequently married another woman. On account of his being under age when he was first married the court of original jurisdiction could not decide whether or not Cone was guilty of bigamy and the case went to the supreme court, where it was decided that his being under age did not clear him of the charge.

State Horticultural Society.

The State Horticultural society held its twenty-fourth annual meeting in Madison, and premiums were awarded as follows:

Largest and best collection of apples, Charles Hirschinger, Harbison, 110; A. L. Hatch, 110; 15; best four varieties of apples, A. L. Hatch, 110; 15; Charles Hirschinger, 110; best three dog keepers, A. L. Hatch, 110; Charles Hirschinger, 110; best display of potatoes, not exceeding ten varieties, L. O. Ode, 110; best and best, 110; best Wisconsin seedling, "World's Fair," L. O. Ode, 110.

New Business Enterprise.

Racine young men have organized and incorporated the Honduras Trading & Transportation company. They intend to do a general trading and transportation business through the interior and along the coast of Honduras. They have already contracted for a boat which is being built in Milwaukee, and will be christened the Southern Cross.

To Be Tried Again.

Judge Romanzo Bunon, of the United States district court, has handed down his decision overruling the demurrer to the indictment of ex-banker A. A. Cadwallader. He must stand trial on the last indictment brought, charging him with embezzlement, misappropriation and misapplication of the funds of the Superior national bank, of which he was president.

No New Trial.

The application for a new trial in the Ashton murder case was overruled by Judge J. H. Bennett at Janesville. The defendant, Matthew H. Ashton, a well-to-do farmer, was convicted of the murder of his son, Mrs. Daniel Stone, who stood between him and an estate of \$200,000. The case will go to the supreme court.

Tools Were Magnetized.

While sinking a well on the farm of Hiram Larson, 6 miles from Manitowish, the drills stuck at the depth of 60 feet, and when finally released were very much magnetized. It is thought that there is a bed of iron ore in that section, as a second attempt to drill on the same farm gave the same results.

The News Condensed.

Valuable deposits of iron ore have been discovered 3 miles north of Iralle. Marcus Seick, of the town of Seneca, accidentally killed his 4-months-old babe by giving it fifteen drops of toothache medicine containing crocote, thinking he was giving it Castoria.

W

THE STORY TELLER

PENNARBY MINE.

Pennarby shaft is dark and deep. Eight foot broad, eight hundred deep. Rough the bucket and tough the cord. Surging as the arm of Winchman Ford. Never look down; Sit to the line; That was the saying at Pennarby mine.

A stranger came to Pennarby shaft; Lord! to see how the miners laughed. White in the collar and stiff in the hat. With his splashing boots and his silk cravat. Picking his way, Dainty and fine, Stepping on tiptoe to Pennarby mine.

Touring from London, so he said; Was it copper they dug for, or tin, or lead? Where did they find it? How did it come? If he tried with a shovel might he get some? Stopping so much, Was he for the spate; And wasn't it warmish at Pennarby mine?

"Was like two worlds that met that day, The world of work and the world of play; And the grimy lads from the reeking shafts, Noted each other, and grinned and chaffed: 'Got 'em all out.'"

"A couple of minutes!" So ran the banter at Pennarby mine. And Carabao Hob, the Pennarby wit, Told him the facts about the pit. How they bored the shaft till the brimstone

Warned them from toppling; well, He wouldn't say what. But they took it for a slip. To dig deeper in Pennarby mine.

Then, leaning over and peering in, He was pointing out what he said was tin. In the ten-foot lode; a crash, a jar, A gasping hand and a splintered bar; Gone in his strength, With the lips that laughed; Oh, the pale faces at Pennarby shaft!

Far down on a narrow ledge They saw him cling to the crumbling edge. "Wait for the bucket! Ill man, stay!" That trope said; the work was away! He's taking his chance, Slack out the line; Sweet Lord be with them!" cried Pennarby mine.

"He's got him! He has him! Pull with a will! Thank God! He's over and breathing still. And his Lord takes now what he said was tin. Blowed it is safe; one London swell! Your heart is right, If your coat say: Give us your hand!" cried Pennarby mine. —A. Conan Doyle, in Pall Mall Magazine.

CORNERED!

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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DON'T see no signs of the tug, do you, Tom?" said the old skipper, John Bunk, rolling up to me from the companion hatchway. He was fresh from the cabin and was rather tipsy, with a fixed stare and a stately manner, though his legs would have

framed the lower part of an egg. His hat was tall and brushed the wrong way. He wore a thick shawl round his neck and was wrapped up in a long monkey jacket, albeit we were in the dog days. In a word, Bunk was a skipper of a type that is fast perishing off our home waters.

"No," said I, "there's no sign of the tug."

"Then bloomed," said he, "if I don't work her up myself! Who's afraid? I know the ropes. Get amidsthips in the fair-way and keep all on, and there y'are. And mumble the tug'll pick us up as we go."

"It's all one to Tom," said I.

Our brig was the Venus of Rye, a stumpy topgallantmast coaster, eighty years old. We were in a big bight of the coast, heading for a river which flows past a well-known town, whither we were bound. The bed of that river went in a vein through about three miles of mud till it sheared into the land and flowed into a proper looking river with banks of its own. At flood the water covered the mud but the river was buoyed, and when once you had the land on either hand and the bay of mud astern the pilotage to the town was no more than a matter of tracing the yards about till you floated into one long reach whose extremity was painted by the red wharf you moored alongside of.

We were six of a ship's company. John Bunk was skipper; I, Tom Fish, was the mate; the others were Bill Martin, Jack Stevens, a man named Rooney, and a boy called William. On board craft of this sort there is very little discipline, and the sailors talk to the captain as though he lived in the fore-castle.

"John," sings out Bill Martin, casting his eyes over the gray yellow surface of the water, streaming shorewards, "are ye going to try for it without the tug?"

"Ay," answered old Bunk.

"And quite right, tew. No good a-messing about here all day," says Jack Stevens at the tiller.

The land was flat and treeless on either hand the river, but it rose, about a couple of miles off, curving into a front of glaring chalk, with a small, well-known town sparkling in the distance like a handful of frost in a white split. The horizon astern was broken by the moving bodies of many ships in full sail, and the sky low down was hung with the smoke of vanished steamers as though the stuff was cobwebs black with dust.

The stream was the turn of the flood. Old Bunk went forward into the bows, and the brig flapped forwards creaking like a basket on the small roll of the shallow water. We overhung her rails, and watched for ourselves. John Bunk, trying to look dignified with the drink in him, stared stately ahead; sometimes singing out to the helmsman to port, and then to starboard, and so we washed on, fairly hitting the river's mouth, and stemming safely for a mile,

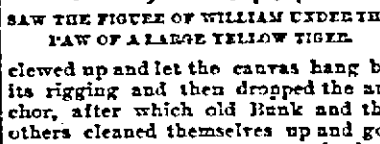
till the flat coast was within an easy scull of our jolly boat, and you saw the spire of a church, and a few red roofs amidst a huddle of trees on the right, at that time two miles distant. Just then the Venus took to the mud; she grounded just as a huge fat sow knuckles quietly ere stretching herself. "All aback forrad!" sings out Bill Martin with a loud silly laugh.

"Tom," says John Bunk, coming aft and speaking cheerfully, "there's no call to make any worrit over this shinning job. The tug's bound to be coming along afore sundown, anyhow. See that village there?" says he, pointing. "My brother lives in that village, at a public house of his own, called the 'Eight Bells,' and seeing as we're hard and fast, I shall take the boys on a visit to him and leave you and William to look arter the brig."

"Suppose the tug should come along?" said I.

"She could do nothing with us till the flood floats us," said he. "I shall let go the anchor for security and go ashore."

He talked like a reckless old fool, but was tipsy, and in no temper to reason with. The situation of the brig was safe enough as far as ocean and weather went; nothing could hurt her as she lay mud-cradled on her fat bilge. We



SAW THE FIGURE OF WILLIAM UNDER THE TAIL OF A LARGE YELLOW TIGER.

clewed up and let the canvas hang by its rigging and then dropped the anchor, after which old Bunk and the others cleaned themselves up and got the boat over and went away in her, singing songs, leaving me and William to look after the brig.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, a very fine hot day. I went into the cabin for a smoke, and after lounging an hour or so whilst the boy boiled a piece of beef for our dinner I stepped on deck and found the sea was already half way out of the bay, with twenty lines of foaming ripples purring not a quarter of a mile off, and the channel of the river was already plain, coming out from the land and through the dry mud like a lane of water till it met the wash of the yellow brine and melted into it. The brig lay with an uncomfortable list to starboard. When the mud should come a-dry it would be an easy jump from her decks to it.

At half-past twelve William came below with his dinner, and I told the lad to out with his knife and eat with me. We manuevered together, taking it easy. There was nothing to be done on deck, no sign of the tug, no use we could put to her, even if she should heave into sight, and the time hung heavy. After dinner I lay upon a locker smoking and William sat at the table with a pipe in his mouth.

Presently I thought I heard a noise of something moving in a scratching sort of way on deck. I listened and then heard nothing. A little later, happening to be looking at William, I heard the same noise, and that moment I fancied a kind of shadow passed over the glass of the grimy little cabin skylight.

I said to William: "Step on deck, my lad, and see if anybody's come aboard."

He went up, and was not gone a minute when I heard him scream shockingly. The shriek was full of terror and agony and froze my blood. I rushed on deck and saw the figure of William under the paw of a large yellow tiger!

I stared madly as though my senses were all gone wrong and reporting a nightmare. But the big beast turning its head spied me, swept the planks with its tail, crouched in cat-like way and was coming for me.

With a roar of terror I sprang for the main rigging and in a few breathless moments was safe in the top.

It was all sheer mud now to the very forefoot of the brig, but the half of her lay afloat in the stream of the river. I saw the marks of the beast's paws pitting the shiny surface of ooze and sand; the trail came in a straight line from the land to the right of the village where Bunk's brother lived to the starboard bow of the brig. The beast had sprung easily aboard. We were not in India, nor in Africa, nor in any country where such huge yellow horrors as that flourished; therefore, on recovering my wits and my breath whilst I looked down over the rim of the top, I guessed that the tiger had broken loose from some show or menagerie, and had made for this desolate waste of sand to escape the hunt that was doubtless in loud cry after him. But I could not get any comfort into me out of the reflection that we had stranded on English instead of African or South American mud; down on deck, now crouching close beside the boy without, however, offering to touch the motionless figure, was a massive savage beast, apparently a man-eater; and it was all the same to me whether it had sprung aboard off the banks of an Indian river or trotted across this breast of English slime out of a showman's cage.

The boy lay as though dead, and I turned sick, fearing to see the creature eat him. I was going to call, thinking he would answer me, then reflected if he was not dead my voice might cause him to move, and bring the tiger upon him, and so I lay silent in the top, now staring down, then glaring round upon the scene of mud and at the distant blue crescent of sea for the help that was nowhere visible.

Presently the tiger got up, and, passing over the body of the lad, stepped with its supple gait into the bows. I took my chance of shouting to William, but the lad never stirred. Again and again I yelled down at him, and I saw the splendid horrible beast in the bows gazing at me, and still the lad remained lifeless. He was upon his face, with

his arms out, as though his hands were nailed to the deck. I looked for blood, but saw none.

The most awful time that ever passed in my time now went along. The tiger roamed the deck silently, smelling at everything, once shoring its huge head into the companion way, and I prayed with all my heart it would go below, that I might skim to the hatch and secure it. It drew its head out, and going to the boy stopped and smelt him. The very blood in me was curdled, for I made sure the beast was about to eat the lad. Sometimes I broke out into the noisiest sobs and screaming my pipes could set up in the hope of driving the brute overboard.

Between five and six o'clock in the evening the tide had made so as to cover the mud, and I saw the brig's boat approaching. Those who pulled flourished their oars drunkenly. The boat came to a stand when within easy hailing distance, as though old Bunk was taking a view of me as I sat in the top, and was wondering what I did there.

I roared out: "For God's sake mind how you come aboard! There's been a blooming tiger in this brig since noon!"

"A what?" yelled Bunk, and the scamp pulled a little closer in.

It was still broad flaming daylight, and the sun hung like a huge blood-red target over the crimson sea.

"A what?" shrieked Bunk.

"A tiger! A blooming tiger!" I yelled, pointing to the brute that lay crouched on the fore-castle hidden from the boat's crew.

"Drunk again, Tom? or is it sun-stroke this time?" sung out old Bunk, standing up in the boat and lurching to the rocking of her.

"It's killed William!" I yelled.

When I said this the beast, attracted by the noise of voices over the side, got up and looked over the bulwark rail at the men, and old Bunk instantly saw it. He stared for a moment or two as though he had been blasted by a stroke of lightning. The other three fellows then saw the beast, and if there was any drink in their heads the flames of it flew out at that sight, and left them of wild surprise and terror whilst they gazed. Old Bunk roared:

"Has he killed the boy, d'yer say?"

"He has there dead," said I, pointing. "He hasn't moved since I first saw him."

"Has he been eating of him?"

"No."

"We must go ashore for help," sung out Jack Stevens.

"For God's sake don't leave me up here!" I cried.

"Tom," shouted Bunk, "there's only wan thing to dew; there's an old gun in my cabin, and yer'll find a powder flask and ball in the locker. We must keep that tiger a-watching us over the bow whilst you run below and shut the hatch. By lifting the lid you'll be able to shoot him through the skylight. Come you down now as far as you durst whilst we fixes the attention of the brute upon ourselves."

I at once dropped into the rigging, where I stretched and played my legs a bit. They were as stiff as handspikes after that long spell in the main-top. I descended as low down as the sheer-pole, breathlessly watching. They pulled the boat under the bow, and Bill Martin with lifted oar made as though appearing at the brute's head. It opened its huge mouth and showed its immense claws upon the rail; old Bunk hissed and snarled at it, then roared out to me:

"Now's your time, Tom," whilst I heard Jack Stevens sing out:

"Back astern. The fired cat's going to jump!"

With the nimbleness of terror I dropped to the deck and panned like a shadow to the hatch, unnoticed by the beast. In a moment I closed the companion doors, then entering Bunk's cabin found the gun and ammunition. I loaded the piece, and getting on to the cabin table, put my head into the skylight and bawled out to let the others know I was going to shoot. My voice attracted the tiger; it turned, and



I FIRED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.

with swaying tail came with velvet tread, crouching in a springing posture. I leveled the gun, steadying the barrel and taking a cool, deliberate aim—for I was safe—fired, and the instant I had fired, without pausing to see what had happened, I loaded again; but before I could present the piece for a second shot the beast, who was now on the side of this boy, lurched and fell.

I fired a second shot into it, and then a third and a fourth, and now shouting to let the men know the brute was wounded and dying, I ran on deck, and putting the muzzle of the gun to the creature's glaring eye, fired, and this did its business, for just one spasm ran through it, and then the terrible, muscular bulk lay motionless.

The men came scrambling aboard. We turned the boy over and took him below. Shortly afterwards the tug hove in sight and we let the beast lie whilst we got our anchor and manuevered with the tow rope. I am sorry to say the boy was dead. On our arrival a doctor came and looked at him, and a crowd tumbled aboard to view the beast. There was not a scratch on the lad; the tiger had never touched him; the doctor said he had died of syncope caused by fright.

The owner of the tiger threatened old Bunk with the law, and asked for a hundred guineas. Bunk started William's mother upon him for compensation for the loss of her boy, and shortly afterwards the showman went broke.

FOREIGN Gossip.

—The British government has been furnishing Buckingham palace with an entirely new drainage system and has reconverted it inside and improved it generally. At present the palace, with its grounds, is estimated to be worth £50,000,000, aside from its valuable art collections.

—France will soon adopt an interesting innovation in the postal card system. The cards will be issued in the form of check books with stubs. The sender of the postal card can make memoranda of its contents on the stub, and can have this stamped at the post office before the card is detached, so that a verified record of the correspondence can be kept.

—An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you, in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at six o'clock."

—The Egyptian minister of public works proposes that Sir Benjamin Baker, M. Dole, of Paris, and Signor Torricelli, of Rome, should be invited through their respective governments to proceed to Egypt in order to study and advise upon the question of a reservoir for storing the water of the Nile and utilizing it for irrigation during the months when the river is at its lowest.

—Although French law prohibits women from going about disguised in men's clothes, except when they have obtained permission from the prefect of police, curiously enough, there is no legal obstacle to men parading the streets in women's clothes. This fact has just been brought to light by the Paris courts, which have acquitted a man named Florentin Goussier, who was charged with wearing an unauthorized disguise with the object of concealing himself from the pursuit of a revengeful wife.

—In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called "L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi." It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hands used to be set to the moment of his demise and remained unaltered till his successor had joined him in the grave. The custom originated under Louis XIII., and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII., and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

—A French physician, Dr. Quintard, has invented the "trinomometer," a device for gauging the trembling of nervous people. This instrument consists of a metal plate pierced with twenty holes of different sizes in a graduated scale, and a needle which the patient endeavors to put into the holes. When he has succeeded in placing the needle in a hole, he completes an electric contact and rings a bell. The immoderate use of coffee or stimulants, as well as lead or mercurial poisoning, produces tremblings which can be tested with this simple appliance.

—The most pernicious winds are the samis, or hot winds of Egypt. They come from the deserts to the southwest and bring with them infinite quantities of fine dust, which penetrates even the minutest crevice. The thermometer often rises to one hundred and twenty-five during their continuance, and thousands of human beings have been known to perish from suffocation in the fiery blast. It was one of these samis that destroyed the army of Sennacherib. Alexander the Great nearly lost his whole force in another and the army of Cambyses was utterly annihilated.

WITCHING WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Men Worshipped and Obeyed Them—Wherein Lay the Charm?

"What, asks Walter Besant, is woman's greatest charm? Sweet looks, sweet speech, sweet smiles, sweet voice, lovely eyes, a comely head, a graceful figure; all these are gifts and graces to be ardently desired. Yet there is one gift that surpasses all the rest. At the Royal academy, London, there are the portraits of three women, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Jordan and Sophie Arnould. The lovely Emma is a type of rustic beauty at its best—no refined—likely to become coarse. Mrs. Jordan shows, behind a charming face, intellect, wit, cleverness and a gentle heart. Sophie Arnould shows greater wit, greater cleverness and a heart not so gentle, perhaps. On each of the faces there is in addition, unmistakably, the same quality, rare and wonderful. It is the quality for which there is no other word than witchery. These were all three witches, but instead of being burned at the stake they set fire to every masculine heart that approached them. And the noble procession of fair women—Jelliah, Bathsheba, and her contemporary, Helen of Troy; Aspasia, Cleopatra, Diana de Poitiers, Mary, queen of Scots; Nell Gwynne—they were all witches, and they all possessed the wonderful, indescribable look which proclaimed their mysterious power of fascination. Many there are who have this fairies' gift in a greater or less degree. Providentially, few know their own power, and are content to bewitch one man alone out of all the earth.

And what is the secret of this gift? It is certainly not faultless beauty, for it is a perfectly comprehensible paradox that as a rule the women who have been noted for the fascination of their beauty were not pretty women at all. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The duchess of Burgundy, who lit up in the old age of Louis XIV. the court of Versailles and neutralized the morose influence of Mme. de Maintenon, had a pitiless neck and decayed front teeth, yet she was proclaimed a beauty. Marguerite de Valois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, too prominent eyes, and a

thick, hanging under lip. The last Duchess de Berry would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself incognito. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at mass in the Tuilleries chapel, wrote in his diary that she was plain and that her eyes were not fellows.

At what age is this charm most subtle? Swift wrote with cruel candor of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Recipe to Restore Her Lost Youth," at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic dean of St. Patrick's wondering

How angels look at thirty-six, proves a sharp contrast to the more modern writer, George Lewes, who, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of thirty-three as the fascinating period in a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body. And thirty-three was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte and a Lili. The line between jeune fille and vieille fille is, in the polite land of the French, drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of that French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever known to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds, and even the hearts, of men by their wit and wisdom, their vivacity and their grace. It is impossible to read the descriptions of salon life in Paris without realizing the immense power of such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. de La Fayette, who could tolerate anything but the commonplace; Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter, Mme. de Staël, and her cherished friend, Mme. d'Houdetot, exercised in literary, social and political matters.

It is interesting to see how the age of the heroine of the modern novel differs from that of older writers. Out of thirty of Scott's heroines, sixteen are described as under twenty, three are over twenty, and only one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine "of an uncertain age," since she is historically a middle-aged matron and fictitiously a youthful bride. But the conspicuous character of the modern novel is a woman, not a girl, who has lived and experienced much, and not infrequently is married, before the story introduces her as its central figure.—N. Y. Sun.

SLOW HOSPITALITY.

But, Once He Takes You In, the Englishman Is a Generous Host.

Of course hospitality is not to be judged or gauged by its expense, or how much one makes by it. The mere asking a man to sit down may breathe with truer hospitality than inviting him to consider all that is yours his, as the Spaniards do.

What do we for the visiting Englishman who comes properly introduced, and with a wife who happens to be his own? We ask him to dinner, and put him up at the clubs, and get invitations to whatever is going on, sometimes to give him pleasure, and sometimes to show him how socially important we may happen to be. In doing any of these things we run a great risk, we are not placed in a position from which we can not at any moment withdraw.

He does much more than this for the visiting American. For some time, it is true, he holds you at arm's length; he looks you over and considers you, and is brusque or silent with you; and then, one fine day, when you have despaired of ever getting the small change of everyday politeness from him, he, figuratively speaking, stuffs your hands with bank notes, and says: "That's all I have at present; spend it as you like, and call on me for more when it is gone."

He takes you to his home, and makes you feel it is your home. He gives you his servants, his house, his grounds, his horses, his gun, and his keepers, and the society of his wife and daughters, and passes you on eventually to his cousins and his sisters and brothers. This is a show of confidence which makes a dinner and a theater party, or a fortnight's privileges at a club, seem rather small.

It is true he does not meet you at the door with his family grouped about him, as though they were going to be photographed, and with the dogs barking a welcome; he lets you come as you would come to your own house, as naturally and with as little ostentation. But you are given to understand when you get there as long as you turn up at dinner at the right hour, you are to do as you please.

You get up when you like, and go to bed when you like; you can fish for pike in the lake in front of the house, or pick strawberries, or play tennis with his sons and daughters, or read in his library, or take the guide-book and wander over the house and find out which is the Rutens, and trace the family likeness on down to the present day, by means of Sir Joshua and Romney to Herkomer and Watts, and Mendelssohn in a silver frame on the center table. He has much more to give than have we, and he gives it entirely and without reserve; he only asks that you enjoy yourself after your own fashion, and allow him to go on in his own house in his own way.

When a man has as much as this to give, you can not blame him if he does not cheapen it for himself and for others by throwing it open to whoever comes in his way. The club with the longest waiting list is generally the best club.

—Beauty Subjectively Considered.—"How is that Preston married the elder Miss Morton, who is exactly like her ugly father, when there was the younger, exactly like her handsome mother?" "He reasoned that her beauty would 'repel' whenever it became to him the beauty of his mother-in-law."—Truth.

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED.

He Didn't Know Himself Why the Drugs Cured and Coddled's Tell.

It began in this way, Col. —, late of the Indian army, a valued patient and good friend, with no other vice than a mania for inquiring into the why and wherefore of things, consulted me about certain symptoms of gout that were causing him some anxiety, and I, having run him through the gamut of questions without which no consultation is supposed to be complete, prescribed for him. The seventh morning after—a morning destined to be fatal to my future peace of mind—he turned up again, cured, buoyant, grateful, but, alas! curious.

"You know, old man," he commenced, "that from a child I have been cursed with a brutal analytical mania, and I have come to ask you (in a purely friendly spirit) a few questions about this wonderful prescription of yours that has so completely cured me."

He slowly drew the thing from his pocket. "I should not take this liberty," he continued, "were I not aware of the fact that medicine is of all sciences the least mysterious and the most aboveboard."

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable, when having carefully read the paper, he launched out—"I notice there are here seven distinct drugs. Now, will you kindly start by telling me if in combination they act with their seven different potentialities unimpaired, or, by taking them, are you aiming at some new salt that holds in solution the unaltered capacity of each?"

By this time I had broken out into a cold perspiration, and, rising from my chair, I asked him if he would excuse me while I went to the dining-room for some matches. Returning, I sat down with the emphasis of a man who means it, and with some deliberation said: "I think so." He frowned his dissatisfaction, and, by way of parenthesis, I added: "I need scarcely remind you, a man of science, that where perfect chemical compounds, in contradistinction to mechanical mixtures, depend for their amalgamation entirely upon exosmosis, the atomical efficacy of each alkaloid must remain always in its inverse ratio of its specific gravity."

He followed me without an effort, and smiling his thanks, continued: "Quite so, quite so; but now tell which of these seven drugs cured me. Do you mind going for one moment into details? I will take first this one" (he read it with cruel slowness): "Potas. Iod. Now to what class of drugs, if any, does this belong? Never mind me, old fellow; speak out." I did, cautiously but courageously.

"It's an alternative."

"A—I beg your pardon?"

"An alternative."

"Which means?"

"Something that alters."

"Alters what?"

"Well, look here, colonel—I will descend to the level of the lay mind—it alters your diathesis."

"My diathesis?"

"Your diathesis; which means simply the long reverberating mountain-echo of inherent tendencies, the whistled curse of progenitors that had curried your urates and rendered your phosphates luminous—you follow me?"

He nodded pleasantly, and said: "Thanks, awfully, for making it so clear to me; but let us go on. I want now to come to the next drug, opium—what is opium?"

"It is God's gift to man, it is the tear of the poppy that has first blushed and then wept for us, it is—"

"No, no, please don't! To what order of drug does it belong?"

"It's a sedative."

"But I thought it increased sensation. Dr. Quincey tells us so."

"Quite so; but—excuse me, I want some more matches."

When I returned he had helped himself to refreshments, got his wind and reloaded. "Now, then, I want particularly to know what are the intrinsic properties of opium. Of course, a specialist like yourself would not prescribe so powerful a drug without knowing, but to an amateur like myself it is a little confusing."

My head was beginning to swim, and, as a last resource, I suggested postponing the discussion for some future day, as I was anxious to talk to him about home rule (anything was better than this). But no, there was no shunting him off the line of this fact; and so, carefully closing the door, and binding him down to perfect secrecy, I laid my whole soul bare before him.

"Colonel," I said, "in the good old days, when the witches danced around their children to the tune of weird song, medicine was above the pitiful level of a mere art. But now we modern medicine men, irreverently harnessed to science, find that we have been dragging up through the ages a cartload of vegetables (as for Coriand Garden) to hawk about the streets and prate off; but the public are finding them stale and the alkaloid of faith evaporated. A blatant agnosticism such as your own, which (pardon my saying so) is to me as blasphemous as an incubator, has ruined man's chances of either living in ease or dying in comfort. And—ah—I am not at all sure that a little knowledge has not made quacks of us all. What! You can't stay to lunch? You must come again soon, won't you?"—Pall Mall Budget.

A Novel Use for Cranks.

"The only way to dispose of the crank question," said the man with the long hair and soiled shirt front, "is to arrest all suspicious characters, examine them, and every one who does not know the difference between right and wrong confine him perpetually in the workhouses."

"What for?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"What for? Under modern legal requirements where—I repeat—where would you find such a pitiful jury?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—San Francisco has 250,000 population and 400 police, who last year made 127,257 arrests.

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LOVE AND I.

Once I found Love sleeping
And caged him with a smile,
Now that I have caught you
You must stay awhile.
But he pined and fretted,
Sighing ceaselessly,
As he beat against the bars,
"Give me liberty."
Touched by his lamenting,
I set wide the door;
Out he flew and vanished,
And I was as before.
By my lonely hearthstone
Bitterly I wept,
When with twilight's shadows
Through the door Love crept.
"Though I die when prisoned,"
He whispered, "yet when free—
Oh! woman heed the lesson—
I straight return to thee."
—Vague.

Women as Farmers.

California boasts of a number of women farmers who manage large estates, make money and keep healthy and happy. The comforts of farm life here are greater than they are in the east, and there is a possibility of gaining more than a mere living. Some of the women farmers have won more than mere local fame. Mrs. Theodosia Shepherd of Ventura is known in the east as a cultivator of California flower seeds and bulbs. Mrs. Strong is known far and wide as the woman who makes a good income by raising and selling pampas grass. Mrs. E. P. Buckingham of Vacaville is an orchardist whose fruit commands the highest price in eastern markets. Another successful agriculturist is Mrs. Georgia McBride. A dozen years ago she was an invalid, a widow, poor, with four boys to bring up. She knew nothing of fruit raising, but with feminine recklessness she purchased 28 acres of land near San Jose and set it out as an orchard. Now she is prosperous, healthy and wealthy, as the wage earners go, and an enthusiastic advocate of farming for women.—San Francisco Correspondent.

Hiram Maxim's Youth.

When Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, lived in Sangerville, anxious mammas used to warn their hopeful sons not to play with "that wicked Maxim boy." In fact, young Maxim grew up under the doubtful reputation of being the very worst boy in the neighborhood. This isn't said for the purpose of encouraging any other Maine incorrigibles who are in the depths of their misdeeds. If Hiram had been a perfectly good little boy and had devoted his time to studying his lessons, he might have had that flying machine all completed by this time. Hiram used to work at carriage painting in Abbot and was hired by D. D. Flynt. He was an artist with the brush. One day a man called to see Flynt while the latter was out. "There has been a man in to see you," said young Maxim. "What's his name?" "I don't know, but that's how he looks," and the boy pointed to a board on which he had roughly daubed a face. "I forgot to ask him his name," said the boy, "and so I drew that." Flynt knew his man.—Lowiston Journal.

An Explanation From Disraeli.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, discoursing on the house of commons, related a capital story of Disraeli. It was during the Russo-Turkish war, and while relations were very strained between England and the czar a member was indiscreet enough to put a question to Disraeli, who was then prime minister, as to the policy of the government in the event of the emperor of Russia doing a certain act.

Members shuddered as Disraeli, with a most funeral face, slowly advanced to the table. The question, he declared, in a slow, measured voice, was one of such perilous moment that the honorable member acted most unwisely in putting it on the paper, yet it was a question of such importance that the only course now open to the government was to accept the inevitable and boldly answer. "If," declared Disraeli, "the emperor takes this step, all I can say is—and I am speaking after a prolonged consultation with my colleagues—the government will then give the policy they are to pursue their very best consideration."—Westminster Gazette.

Cromwell and the Specter.

The stories of the "White Lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "Little Red Man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon, are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few perhaps are familiar with the story of Cromwell's "Giant Specter." It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him, she announced in tones like thunder, "Within the year you, my son, will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."—St. Louis Republic.

Impressive Epitaph.

Miss Wayback—Say, maw, there's Mrs. Finestille comin' to call.
Mrs. Wayback—Hurry up, maw, for when she knocks just open the window and look out to see who it is. We'll let her know we're rather particular about whom we admit.—New York Weekly.

Science and Philosophy.

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible, it is called philosophy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

QUEENS OF MINSTRELSY.

Rhineland Society Young Ladies Give A Novel Entertainment.

The young ladies of the Symposium Club gave a minstrel entertainment at the residence of Judge Alban Monday evening, to which no man was a witness. The spacious house was crowded with ladies, each of whom paid ten cents admission. Not a man was allowed in the house. Some of the ardent admirers of the stars of the company are reputed to have made fabulous offers to gain admission to the entertainment, but they were all refused. Even representatives of the press were not allowed to see the performance, and as the New North has no lady reporter on its staff the only write up we can give is from what is told by the ladies who were present. They say that

Every young lady in the club to the number of 20 were blacked up in correct negro minstrel style.

Some of the society young men of the city served as the ground work of some very pointed and far from old-time jokes.

The two young ladies who sat on the ends of the semi-circle of black beauties were fully up on all requirements of "end-men comedians."

The cake-walk was a feature that would be an attraction in a professional minstrel show.

The girls were foolish not to allow gentlemen spectators.

The boys will never, no never, forgive the slight.

There are two youngmen who take the jokes to heart, and it will thoroughly reform one of them.

The interlocutress was simply well-gent is the only word that expresses it.

The choruses were good and the solos not too frequent.

The costumes were elaborate and appropriate.

The only one dressed in masculine garb was the interlocutress.

The following has been handed in since the above was written:

An innovation in the way of amusements was the Parlor-Ministrel entertainment given by the "Symposium" on Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Alban. A large audience responded to the invitation "for ladies only." At the hour appointed, the club descended the stairs and filed in singly, occupying chairs in the front parlor arranged in the conventional style. Miss Anna Alban as Mr. Brown, Interlocutor. On her right sat Miss Nimms in red skirt contrasted by white waist, zouave jacket, with red stockings and slippers. On the left Miss Helen Alban in blue waist, black sash, red skirt, blue stockings and red slippers, who with her sweet and well carried voice, led the others in perfect harmony.

Misses Bronson and Chaffee distinguished themselves as "end men," Mose and Sambo.

The first number on the program was a song by the club "Hear Dem Bells" and was received with great applause. They responded to an encore by singing "Darling Cioe" followed by a well delivered recitation, an "imitation of a man with a wooden arm." They then sang "Old Kentucky Home," and the rooms resounded the soft sweet strains.

The instrumental selections were very fine. Miss Anna Alban, mandolin, Miss Helen Alban, banjo and Miss Nimms guitar. After "Seeing Neddie Home" Mose and Sambo executed in a very artistic manner one of the latest fancy dances. The entertainment was interspersed throughout with local hits, calling forth much merriment. After a song, "what do you think of the Symposium in the year of 91," Mr. Brown proposed the cake walk, (but seemed to be pretty sure in the beginning who would get the cake) each fair contestant was given a trial, the reward for the one walking the best, according to the judgment of the interlocutor, to be a beautiful small white cake. After all were ready Mose made the lead by a correct imitation of the Bowery walk, which was very good. There was slow walking, fast walking, gliding, sliding, etc., all of which would be difficult to imitate. But when all the others had finished, Mr. Brown took a few kite shaped steps and carried off the cake. After eating it with a great relish, favored the audience with a "Yum Yum" recitation, which was very amusing. They then all joined hands and danced "a Trip to Africa," which was very pretty, introducing many new and novel steps. Followed by a choice recitation by Miss Nellie Cole, "De Jingle of De Bells on De Cows," which was heartily enjoyed. After singing softly and beautifully "Swing

Low Sweet Chariot," Miss Helen Alban taking the solo part, Miss Bronson gave a comic recitation entitled "Yellow Jockey and the String of China Bells."

One noticeable feature was the dialect of Mr. Brown, Mose and Sambo, which was true to the character they impersonated.

After music by the band "the Symposium" made their bow and disappeared, leaving Miss Barnes to thank the audience for their attendance, attention etc., which she did in her usual quiet and graceful way.

The occasion was long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present, regretting the program was not longer.

The costumes were very unique and picturesque, that of the interlocutor being somewhat indescribable, but the suit was plaid, shirt-waist, high standing collar, red neck-tie, a great display of jewelry, a black English walking hat, with tanchan shoes and large red handkerchief. Mose and Sambo wore Jennies Miller skirts, green sashes, high standing collars, with points turned down, black jackets with red stockings and black opera shoes. Miss Jennie Barnes looked very striking in a green skirt, white waist, Eaton jacket, bluestockings and white slippers. Miss Reed looked very attractive in red skirt, yellow waist, red velvet jacket with red stockings, satin striped, and red slippers. Miss Cole wore a natty costume consisting of blue waist, lemon colored tie, red skirt, black velvet jacket, red stockings and black shoes. Miss Anna LaSelle was easily recognized in her little short skirt of red and white, white waist, sailor collar, black and gold jacket, yellow tie with sash ends, and red stockings and slippers. Last and decidedly least of all were the miniature hats they wore, which were high crowns with very narrow brims and were white and yellow, which are presumably the club colors.

List of Jurors.

Following are the names of persons drawn to serve as Petit Jurors at the next General Term of the Circuit Court for Oneida County, Wisconsin, commencing Monday, March 3, 1891, to-wit:

A. D. Sutton	Rhineland.
Iris Gray	Woodboro.
Geo. Newman	Woodboro.
J. A. Hammett	Rhineland.
George Pratt	—
A. W. Brown	—
E. K. Tripp	—
W. M. Lashley	—
Mark Macdonald	—
Antoine Tombsant	—
B. F. Smith	—
James M. Kerman	—
Chas. Shoen	Woodboro.
A. L. Rios	Rhineland.
Joseph Bravo	—
Charles Gordin	—
Charles Jewell	Woodboro.
G. H. Clark	Rhineland.
Richard Kimball	—
Thomas H. Gahan	Woodboro.
Chas. E. Brown	Rhineland.
Thos. L. Givney	—
S. M. Hutchinson	—
David L. Jenkins	—
W. W. French	—
George Barnhart	Hammar.
D. K. Stevens	Rhineland.
Stephen C. Ketter	Woodboro.
John O'Brien	Rhineland.
C. Ely	—
Patrick Gowan	—
George Gornith	Hammar.
John H. Lewis	Rhineland.
E. R. Lewis	—
E. M. Alford	Woodboro.

Dated Rhinelander, Wis., Feb. 29, 1891.
E. C. SEYMOUR,
Clerk Circuit Court, Oneida Co., Wis.

E. BOYER,

— Dealer in —

Groceries,

Provisions

Flour, Feed,

Etc., Etc.

All my stock is new and fresh.

My prices are low for cash,

and it will pay anyone in the

city to try our goods and prices

Delivery made to any part of city.

North Side, RHINELANDER.

D. CONOVER, L. F. PORTER, H. P. PADLEY
Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Madison, Wis. Knight block, Ashland, Wis.

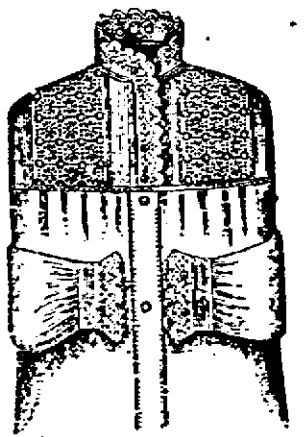
Spafford & Cole.

Our Cut prices on winter goods has resulted in driving a large portion of it from the store, such as Cloaks, Overcoats, Caps and Felt Shoes. They are not quite all closed out, you can have them yet at 50 per cent. off.

Large reduction on Carpets still offered. We are now opening up a lot of early spring goods, such as Hamburgs, Nainsooks and Swiss Embroideries, White Goods in Mulls, P. Ks., Nainsooks, Jackanetts, India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Etc.

Spring Dress Goods in Tela Vela, Toile du Nord, Spanish Cords and Gingham.

A new and nice line of Muslin Underwear has just come in.



Our shoe department is the largest in Rhinelander and comprises some of the best makes in this country—C. P. Ford's, McClure's, Eggart & Co.'s and John Kelly's are among the best styles and best wearing goods.

And they all use Pillsbury's Best Flour, 50 cents lower than ever before. Creamery and Fancy Dairy Butter away down at eating prices. Everything in proportion.

Spafford & Cole.

Arthur Lyle was a confirmed bachelor. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair. He was an artist by profession. He had but few patrons, but that fact did not trouble him much, as he was very well-to-do.

He was idly toying with his watch chain and watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled upward in the air, when the door opened and Mr. Clifton Wayne entered the room.

"Well, Arthur, how are you to-day?" were his first words. "Thinking of your lady-love?"

"Don't be a fool, Clifton!" was his polite reply. "You know I hate girls like—like—"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," interrupted Clifton, laughing. "The trouble is you haven't come across the right one—"

"And never will," interrupted Arthur. "But enough of this nonsense. I heard to-day that your sister Clara was about to give a grand ball. Is that so?"

"Of course it is, and you're to be invited. And say, Arthur, Cousin Nellie, from New Orleans, is coming, too. She will be a splendid catch for you."

"There you go again, Clifton. You know I am a confirmed bachelor. And as for Miss Nellie—what did you say her name is?"

"Forsythe—Nellie Forsythe. But good day! I have an appointment downtown." And he hurried away.

Years ago Arthur Lyle had felt that he understood one woman. He had even gone so far as to tell her that if she would be devoted equally to her and his profession. And she had smiled and looked so pleased that he had kissed her, and supposed that she would at some time, not far distant, be his own.

But he had supposed too much, as he afterwards found out when she was married a few weeks later to a dashing young lawyer.

This hurt his susceptible and sensitive heart to think that she had so deceived him, and he told her to the first time he saw her after her marriage.

And she, with one of her innocent, surprised looks, answered his indignant words by saying "that he had never asked her to marry him."

He had not met her for several years. He went to visit his friend Clifton at his beautiful villa in the suburbs.

He had been there but a few days when he walked out on the piazza, and, to his amazement, saw his former sweetheart walking around the grounds of a neighboring house with a half-grown child—a little girl—who in many ways resembled her mother.

He walked on aimlessly, blind, deaf to everything around him. Thoughts of his lost love and the fate that had separated them were struggling together tumultuously in his brain.

The sound of a horse rushing madly down the road and a low, startled cry roused him suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen. He looked up and saw a young lady in great peril.

He darted forward, and seizing the horse by the bit, stopped him.

What a gentle woman's heart she had, this lovely girl with soft, brown eyes and beautiful golden hair—a quiet, little creature with a charming, refined face.

"Where do you wish to go?" he inquired, respectfully.

"To Wayne villa," she replied, in a sweet voice that thrilled his heart.

"I found no one at the depot to meet me, so I got a horse and thought I would ride over, but my horse took fright and I was thrown off as you see, but if you will assist me to remount I think I can reach the villa safely."

It was a splendid night. The stars shone beautifully, the air was soft and balmy. Wayne villa was brilliantly illuminated; Chinese lanterns above here and there among the trees—in fact, it looked like a fairy paradise; carriages drove up and deposited ladies and gentlemen and the sound of music was heard from the parlors. Miss Clara Wayne was giving a ball.

When Arthur Lyle was announced there was a buzz through the room, as he was a general favorite, and maneuvering mammae did not quite despair of catching him.

"Ah! Arthur, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Miss Clara, seizing him by the hand. "I must introduce you to Miss Forsythe."

"Miss Forsythe?" thought Arthur (his thoughts were all centered on the fair girl he had rescued on the road that morning), but he followed Clara obediently to the corner of the room, where a lady who had her back turned to him was talking with a party of gentlemen.

"Miss Forsythe, Mr. Lyle," said Clara, presenting him. "Why, what's

the matter with you, Mr. Lyle?" she cried, as Arthur stood, with his eyes wide open, looking at Miss Forsythe. For in Miss Forsythe he recognized the beautiful girl he had met so unexpectedly in the morning. However, he recovered himself sufficiently to converse as if nothing had happened.

From that time he knew that he loved her. She was a woman after his own heart. But he didn't know how to tell her so if he made up his mind that he cared to marry. So he waited.

Then he thought some one might come along if he waited, and, discovering what a wonderful woman she was, with the prize he coveted away from him. He felt as if there was possible danger in delay.

But how to say what he wanted to—that was what troubled him.

Little cold shivers went over him and his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth. He felt sure that if he began to propose words would forsake him, and there he would stand, gasping and opening his mouth like a dying fish.

He had been a constant visitor to Wayne villa for several months, and he was thinking this morning, as he walked leisurely up the path, that if he could but meet Miss Forsythe he would speak.

As he turned a bend in the path he saw seated on a rock under a shady tree the object of his thoughts.

She smiled when she saw who it was that had intruded upon her peaceful privacy; and the poor, lovesick artist thought she had the sweetest smile he had ever seen. She made room for him and he sat down beside her.

"This is a lovely morning for sketching, and I thought I would sketch some of this beautiful scenery, but now that I have found something so much more interesting to me and so much more beautiful I—I think I—would—would—"

"Rather talk," interrupted Miss Forsythe, with a quizzical smile.

And the artist blushed like any rose at his foolish speech.

Then there was a little silence, which Miss Forsythe broke by saying: "Here comes your protégé," as Flora Hale came tearing down the path at breakneck speed.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor artist, with comical despair. "I don't see why I should be so persecuted, do you? That child worries the life out of me."

"I say," called out Miss Flora, while yet a long way off, "you aren't a fool, are you?"

"I hope not," answered the astonished man. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"O, cause," answered Miss Flora. "You see, I heard ma and Mrs. Insley talking about you an' Miss Forsythe, an' Mrs. Insley said it was as plain as the nose on your face that you loved her like everything, only you daren't say so. An' ma she said you was foolish not to tell her an' done with it for good while, an' she said Miss Forsythe thought her eyes of you, an' you must see it if you wasn't a fool, an' lots more that I can't remember. But I knew you wasn't a fool."

And then this little protégé smiled lovingly up in the red, red face of the poor artist.

He glanced at Miss Forsythe. She was blushing like the reddest rose of summer. The sight gave him courage.

"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then he got frightened and paused.

But he mustered courage and went on: "Do you care anything for me? I certainly do for you."

Then he found himself holding out his hand to her, and she put her hand in his, and then he kissed her. He wondered at himself and his new-found courage, for he kissed her again.

Just the fact of his sudden bravery was enough to make him as courageous as most lovers are, and he actually put his arm around Miss Forsythe and gave her a third kiss.

Miss Flora stood and watched matters with mouth and eyes wide open, taking rapid and accurate observations of what was transpiring.

"Don't tell, will you, dear?" said Miss Forsythe, coaxingly.

"No, not for anything," answered Flora, with a grin.

An hour later, as the artist and Miss Forsythe came up to the house, they heard Flora rehearsing the whole affair to a group of delighted children.

"O, but it was just jolly!" cried she. "He just got awful red an' kinder rolled his eyes up to her—this way; an' she was redder 'n he was, an' pretended she seen something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; an' she says: 'I love you more 'n tongue can tell,' an' stuck his hand right out to her—so—so—she took hold of it an' then he kissed her again, an' then he stuck out both his arms—this way—an' hugged her, an' then he kissed me an' called me an angel—here 'the angel' stopped to utter—'an' as near as I can make out he'd never have said nothing if I hadn't helped him, 'cause he's a man, an' men are 'frail of women.'"

The artist and his companion looked at each other and laughed.

Just then up came Mr. Wayne and started him by clapping him on the back, saying: "Hello, old fellow! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Arthur, recovering himself.

Well, it was but a few weeks till Miss Forsythe became Mrs. Lyle, and Mr. Clifton Wayne cannot comprehend how Arthur overcame "his hatred for girls."—Francis Lee Hale.

A GOLDEN LINING.

Wonderful Revolution in Colorado's Mining Developments and Prospects—To Lead California in Its Gold Output in 1904.

When the panic came, blue over the prospects of silver, the Colorado man sat down and waited for a couple of weeks. He knew all about the mineral belt in his backyard, and as he cogitated he evolved an idea. If silver was to be at a price which would cause many mines to shut down, what was the matter with gold? If gold was to appreciate until it could buy more than ever before, the state that could dig up millions of gold certainly should be the last to complain. So the Colorado man—a good many thousand of him—took his pick and pan and blankets and started after gold.

The change since that time probably never had and never will have a parallel, for such conditions can scarcely occur again. The output of gold during 1903 was a little over \$5,000,000. During 1902 it was \$7,502,433, and the increase, he it remembered, all came during the last two or three months of the year and in spite of the fact that many silver mines, which also carry gold, were closed and did not add their quota to the total. There is practically no gold found below an altitude of 6,000 feet, yet on January 1 of the good new year, in the depth of winter, gold was being produced in Colorado at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year. The most conservative estimate of the production for the year 1904 is \$20,000,000, while statisticians who base their figures on returns from all the districts place it at \$24,000,000, or nearly five times as much as the output for 1902. Colorado's production of gold, silver, lead and copper will this year be larger than any previous year, for the increase in gold will more than balance any loss that might occur in other metals. The aggregate will certainly run over \$25,000,000. California, the golden state, has for some years produced about \$12,000,000 of gold each year. Colorado has already reached second place and will lead California in its gold output in 1904.

Curiously enough, the gold discoveries are helping out the silver mines. Several of the heaviest properties at Leadville are working full time on iron-silver ores needed to smelt the gold ores of Cripple Creek and other tellurium districts. Again, there are hundreds of silver properties which carry more or less gold. Silver mining is very far from dead; in fact the production of silver last year, in spite of all the scare, was \$17,797,890, and there was only a small decrease in lead. This amount of silver may not be mined in 1904, but the gold output will far more than make up the loss.

It is almost impossible to grasp the possibilities of gold production in this state. Imagine many thousands of square miles of mineral-bearing country through which hundreds of gold properties have been located within six months, and under every foot of which may be hidden a bonanza. Over fifty wholly new gold camps have been established in twenty-one counties, and by a camp is meant not an isolated mine or two, but a district of miles in extent with a town for its center.

Lost Canon, Crooked Creek, Duncan, Difficult Creek, Silver Hill, Sheep Mountain, Buffalo Slough, Vermillion, McClellan Mountain, Taylor Hill, Holy Cross, Colony Creek, Eldorado, Ice Lake, Elk Creek and Howbert are all new camps with bright prospects. A full list would fill a column. The gold-producing districts of Gilpin, Summit, Park, Custer, Ouray, San Miguel, Dolores, La Plata, Rio Grande and other counties are doubling and trebling their output under the impetus of the rush of silver miners seeking gold. Stamp and patent-process mills are being built everywhere. The receipts of reports at the Denver branch mint are over 100 per cent. greater than a year ago.

Cripple Creek, a thing of yesterday, is shipping \$775,000 a month of gold right now without a railroad, and will output \$7,000,000 during 1904. It has 20 mills. Two railroads are being built to it as fast as men and money can rush them, and immense reduction works are about to be started. These three things alone will cost over \$2,000,000. Does anyone know of any other place in the United States for which railroads are racing just now?

Leadville, the premier silver camp, is turning its silver to gold. It has developed an extensive gold belt which is shipping \$11,000 a day. That is rather good for a silver district. Everybody has heard of the famous Treadwell mine of Alaska. It is the synonym for wealth. How many outside of Colorado have heard of the Little Johnny at Leadville? Yet it is producing \$3,500 a day in gold—much more than the Treadwell.

At Cripple Creek the deep levels of the silver mines have commenced to produce or carry gold, as though Providence had deliberately taken a hand in the work.

An object lesson is presented in an instance of last August, when an eastern company picked up a gold property near Telluride for \$500,000, and this same property is now paying monthly dividends of from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

In truth the revolution in Colorado is almost too wonderful for description. It is not remarkable that the op-probrious term of "goldbug" is becoming a joke and that the light of faith shines from the faces of the people.—Exchange.

SMILES.

Hicks—"I'd like to have you tell me what you find new about this play." Wicks—"I didn't have to pay for the tickets."

"I wonder how it was first discovered that fish was a brain food?" She—"Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing."

"Scrabble and his wife used to quarrel all the time. Are they happy now?" "Yes, perfectly so." "What brought about the change?" "She eloped with his best friend."

PITH AND POINT.

—Garden hose should be appropriate wear for a lawn party.—Truth.

—The most accurate weather report is the thunder-clap.—Texas Siftings.

—Man does not need one-tenth of the space he imagines he needs.—Galveston News.

—With all his practice, the devil has never improved on the first hypocrite.—Ram's Horn.

—For constant cheerfulness the lumberman takes the cake; he is always chipper.—Lowell Courier.

—While the theatrical manager makes most money in the long run, the coal man builds up a successful business in a small weight.—Philadelphia Record.

—She (sweetly)—"What did you see at the theater the other night?" He (savage)—"The biggest cartwheels that a milliner ever made!"—N. Y. Journal.

—Footlight made a great hit in the last play he was in." "Great Caesar, man! he was discharged!" "Yes, but he had drawn his entire salary."—Inter-Ocean.

—De man dat uses de big words," remarked Uncle Eben, "may git de 'plaise, but he ain't high so likely ter make plain folks change dey're min's."—Washington Star.

—Well—"How do you know that she is in love with Jack?" Belle—"Because she told me that he was perfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him."—Philadelphia Record.

—Doctor—"What you want now, my man, is fresh air. You want to be taken out." Patient—"Shall I engage a cabman, doctor?" "You misunderstand me, sir; I did not say you wanted to be 'taken in,' but taken out."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Expecting Too Much.—Woman (in third-class carriage)—"Oh, what a noble! That horrid whistle is enough to drive one mad." Guard—"I suppose you want us for your six-pence to engage Patti to sing on the engine for you?"—De Avonport.

—Breaking the Ice.—A.—"Mein fraulein, will you permit me to introduce to you my friend R.?" Young Lady—"But you are yourself a perfect stranger to me!" A.—"Oh! but my friend R. will introduce me to you presently."—Ellegende Blatter.

—Miss Sears—"Jack Marblehead gave me a great reception yesterday. He has a cannon on his yacht, and when I came on board he fired a salute of ever so many guns—forty-nine, I think it was." Miss Smarte—"One for every year of your age, I suppose."—Vogue.

—The Universal Nimrod.—Wife—"Hubby, dear, if you are going out shooting, don't forget that we have a large supper-party the day after tomorrow, and bring something nice home." Husband—"Let me look at the menu—I'll shoot anything you like."—Der Floh.

—Mr. Wayback's Joke.—Mr. Wayback—"Well, I've got a good joke on my son Ike. He wanted to know what the weather was going to be next Thursday, and he went to the nail and took down an almanac." De Science—"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Wayback—"Can't yeh wait till I git through? It was a last year's almanac!"—Puck.

NOMADS IN PARIS.

They Gather Living Specimens for the Various Uses of Science.

It may seem impossible that without leaving the department of the Seine men born with the instincts of an Arkansas trapper should succeed in satisfying their love of life in the open air and their passion for hunting. One type resolves this problem—men who collect subjects for laboratories. In the high schools, museums of natural history, at the Sorbonne, the college of France, the medical college, and the naturalists' rooms, new subjects are constantly required. Frogs, snakes, salamanders, insects of all kinds, water beetles, crickets, grasshoppers, and cats—specimens of these animals are used every day, and, with the exception of frogs and cats, none is to be found in the market. In addition, the horticultural gardens and the garden of acclimatization, in order to feed their insectivorous reptiles and birds, must have a quantity of living insects, which are not easily procured for them. Finally, the aquariums, especially the Trocadero, require infusoria and crustaceans of an inferior species for the support of their young fish; the young trout and salmon have especially greedy appetites, and active, energetic men must work to keep them supplied.

There are many varieties of hunters, but they all have one quality in common, a horror of regular work and an intense love of a vagabond life. The collector for laboratories will start out five or six times a month on excursions at certain seasons, will remain away each time four or five days, sleeping in the open air under the stars on the edge of some ditch, living on a bit of dry bread which he finds in the bottom of his canvas bag. When an idle mood comes he will remain for three months with his hands folded, begging to satisfy his necessities from professors and students who have been in the habit of buying their specimens from him. The winter is a fatal time; he often manages at the beginning of the cold season to commit some trifling crime, so that he can live at the expense of the state until warm weather. But he always manages his affairs so that he can have his liberty when the little animals come out in the spring from their torpor.

In the cores on the borders of the Seine or Marne gnats place eggs on the surface of the water on aquatic plants. These eggs are disseminated in colonies over spaces relatively restricted, which gives a fruitful harvest on one condition: the collector must know exactly the day, as well as the place, where they are placed. One day, too late, a war may carry them away or they may hide in the mire and be lost. Therefore, the hunter follows the swarms with his eye and finds the place where they drop down at evening, and knows where the females have deposited the eggs. It is a very delicate and careful piece of work when insects as small as gnats are to be collected. This merchandise is harvested in little pots, and sells from four frames to eight frames the litre. But gnats have only one season, and buying and selling must go on forever.

Another task that brings in money to these men is the capture of bats. If we wish to understand why procuring these chiroptera has become so lucrative a business we must recall that a few years ago the minister of public instruction prescribed the formation of natural history collections in all the upper grades of the elementary schools and in all establishments of special instruction, so that the pupils could study not only the colored plates, but the principal types of animals or insects that the professor lectured about. Naturally, the bat, on account of its distinct order and the interest which is attached to its curious anatomy, has a very important place in these collections. They are required to have a specimen of each of the four kinds called Parisian; that is, the great horseshoe, the little horseshoe, the marine or large-eared bat, and the pipistrelle or dark-colored bat. Fifteen hundred collections were made, and we can imagine the work done by these bat hunters. —Popular Science Monthly.

UNIQUE DENTISTRY.

The Methods Were Unscientific, but the Results Were Satisfactory.

One of the guests at the Riggs house recently was complaining of an aching tooth, and inquired at the office where he could find a good dentist. He secured the information and went out to find relief, when Proprietor DeWitte smiled at a funny reminiscence.

"I shall never forget a tooth-pulling incident that occurred when I was a youngster," he remarked. "My uncle, who was a physician, had a great, big, stalwart colored man for a servant. His name was Buck, and one day he went into his master's office and complained that one of his teeth was nearly killing him. My uncle advised him to go and have it taken out. Buck objected. 'Now, indeed, boss,' he exclaimed, 'it wud dess fairly kill me, ter hab dis too! Jucked out.' My uncle then told him he would fix it for him by using a little magic. Buck was equipped with all the superstition of his race, and he readily acquiesced in the suggestion, for he thought the doctor could do anything. The old gentleman took the small string from his violin, and, making a loop, dropped it over Buck's aching tooth and drew it taut. Then he led Buck out to the hitching-post, and made him stand on his tip toes, which brought his eyes on a level with the top of the post, and tied the rag around it. Upon the flat surface of the top he poured some gunpowder, and then solemnly warning Buck not to move, he returned to the house. Suddenly he came rushing out of the kitchen door with a glowing coal of fire held in a pair of tongs. Buck saw him coming and backed for all he was worth. But he left that tooth in front of him."—Washington Post.

MILITARY TRAINING.

Drilling the Conscripts in the Italian Army.

Military drill, for the single reason that it demands a cerebral tension as intense as study does, is to be proscribed. In physical education, in order to remedy the fatigue of the brain, we ought to abolish all studied movements of military gymnastics, which demand regularity of rhythm or the immobility of the soldier. Any one who has been present at the drilling of conscripts must have noticed that one-half of the time is passed standing in listening to the explanation of the exercises, and the other half is passed on the stretch to follow abrupt movements, which are contrary to nature and which shake the human frame without helping the health. Military exercises are the triumph and perfection of immobility. Even the tips of the gun barrels must not vacillate in the ranks, though the movement of unconstrained breathing is sufficient to cause a wavering.

The United States is the only country where the experiment of obligatory target practice has been made. In 1790 a law was enacted by which all persons of eighteen years and more, available for military service, should be trained in arms, and no one could vote without having a paper certifying he had undergone the drill. But in America also this requirement fell into disuse. Only after the war of 1890 was there another momentary awakening of the military spirit, and now the conditions of America in this respect are like those of Italy and Europe.

Target-shooting still holds its own in Switzerland for local reasons, due to the natural formation of the country. Hunting is kept alive there by its mountains and forests while the legends of the nation make the marksmen most honorable among his fellows. Not a festival is held there but all flock to it from the surrounding country, to shoot at the target, and the victors are crowned with wreaths and carried in triumph. But elsewhere in Europe the tradition of the cunning archer has not survived the invention of firearms.—A. Mosso, in Chautauquan.

SPENT GINGER.

It Is Used to Adulterate the Unwholesome Root.

At a recent meeting of analysts in England the subject of spent ginger was discussed. It was declared that ginger which had been exhausted or extracted by mineral water manufacturers finds a ready market as an adulterant of genuine ground ginger, and that the detection of such adulteration is infrequent, although dealers in honest spices have long groaned under the unfair competition to which such adulteration subjects them. The world adulteration is used advisedly, because the case is precisely analogous to the admixture of skim milk with whole milk. One of the analysts present said that in the case of ginger wine made from rabin wine, etc., the ginger was bought in the condition of root, roughly crushed and then "steeped," as it was termed in the trade, for a long time in liquor containing twenty-five per cent. of the proof spirit. Only the more delicate flavored matter was abstracted by that means, and the extracted or "spent" ginger was then sold for the purpose of adulterating ginger and spices, and a certain proportion of it found its way to the lower classes of ginger-beer makers. It had a distinct value as a flavoring material. Probably the whole of the volatile oil had been extracted, but all the pungent resinous matters were left behind. He believed he was right in stating that the most valued flavoring matters of ginger were really capable of being extracted by water, and that the method which was adopted by the manufacturing chemist, who specially prepared ginger for the manufacture of aerated beverages, was first of all to extract the ginger fully with very strong alcohol, and subsequently to precipitate the whole of the resinous matter. After evaporation in vacuo, a residuum was obtained which was practically soluble in water, without any further precipitation of resinous matters. In support of the view that the real flavoring principle of the ginger-root was soluble in water, it might also be stated that considerable ginger comes into the market which has been deprived of a small per centage only of its flavor by boiling with water. Subsequent drying leaves this product very much in the condition of an inferior genuine ginger, but if it be not sold as "spent ginger" the fraud is obvious. Another analyst said he knew of an actual case where ginger, which had been thoroughly extracted with strong spirit, and which was merely a mass of cellulose, fiber and starchy matter, with no resin left, and practically tasteless, was used for adulterating purposes, to his certain knowledge.—Merchants' Review.

ROYALTY IN GRACIOUS ASPECT.

Accomplishments of the Princess of Wales and Her Unaffected Goodness.

The princess of Wales must have more accomplishments of the traditional feminine order than other women in the United Kingdom if all the pretty incidents are true that one reads of her. Perhaps the latest is that of a call the gentle daughter of the Danes made on an old protégée of hers living in one of the cottages at Sandringham. The good dame was knitting a stocking, and the princess took it out of her hand, saying: "You can't do the heel as fast as I can." And as she sat and chatted this queen-to-be knitted the nattiest heel possible. It is needless to say that sacred stocking has since remained in status quo and treasured in a drawer with the needles just as the princess left them.

Particularly since her son's death the princess has seemed to enjoy herself best when quietly occupied in some of the womanly arts she learned to turn her hand to in her girlhood days when she fashioned her own gowns and trimmed her own bonnets, to say nothing of "doing" her own fine lace. She is very fond of piano playing, and holds an honorary degree as doctor of music. When her sister, the empress of Russia, is with her, they spend many happy mornings playing eight-handed duets together with the Princesses Victoria and Maudie. All kinds of fine needlework the gentle lady rejoices in, and spends happy hours like other grandmothers, not royal, stitching on the little frocks for her grand-baby. Besides her many other accomplishments the princess can cut a gown to perfection and even give hints to her Paris designer which result in her being accounted the best-dressed woman in England.—N. Y. Sun.

AN ADDITION TO THE LANGUAGE.

"Would you like to enter a poet?" "No, sir. He is a riminal."

"A what?" "Riminal. That's a word of my own. If a man who commits crimes is a criminal, I don't see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn't be a riminal."—Life.

HOW TO TURN THEIR HEADS.

"Miss Smith, are you going to the ball to-morrow night?" asked Kosciuszko Jones.

"Of course I am."

"I supposed as much. Why is it that you are so fond of dancing?" "You see it's the easiest way to turn men's heads."—Texas Siftings.

TO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Little Johnny—Ooo! Here's a candy-box some one dropped, an' it's full, too; chocolates an'—

Little Ethel—Don't stop to talk, 'cause I'm 'frail it's all a dream. Let's hurry an' eat 'em before we wake up.—Good News.

A SINE QUA NON.

Pearce—Why is Arthur studying German and French so diligently? Carson—He is ambitious to be an American dramatist.—Truth.

—The register of a country hotel in Maine one day recently contained names of Mongolians, Russians, Prussians, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Canadian French and Germans, each with ten in the owner's language.

TALES OF OUTRAGE AND DEATH.

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"Get out of my way," shouted Tarry. "We shall be burnt alive if we stay here. We must get back through the hole." I heard them cursing each other as they struggled together, each trying to get first into the room. Then when the struggle ceased Drigo, gasping for breath, cried: "We can't go back. The water's up to the top." The pool of fire kept spreading. I could hold the stone no longer. It fell with a thud, cutting off the sound of mingled exclamations from below. I ran up the steps into the hall, and having drawn them up after me, so that the men got out of the shaft they could not escape from the cellar. I let down the flap. The place was thick with suffocating smoke. Scarcely able to breathe, I groped my way down the passage, drew the bolts of the door and got out onto the balcony.



Tarry was waiting for me at the end of the stairs. His figure was just discernible by the faint light that came from the gas up Ferryboat alley. In a couple of minutes I was by his side, panting for breath. "I've kept you a-waitin'," I gasped. "Not long," he said. "Indeed all that I have narrated in this chapter may have taken place in less than 20 minutes." "Have you been running?" "Yes, one way and another I've had a pretty good run for it."

"What's the matter, little friend? Your teeth are chattering. Why, your shoulders are wet." "Never mind, you're all right. There ain't no danger now. I've done for 'em." "Done for 'em?" he replied in a low tone of perplexity. "Whom?" "Why, the foreigners and Putty. I've done for 'em both," said I, expecting him to share my feeling of exultation. "What do you mean?" he asked in a tone of sharp severity. He had never before spoken to me like that. His harshness frightened me and changed my feeling of triumph to one of mortification. If I had done wrong, it was for his sake, not my own. I hung my head and made no reply. "What do you mean?" he repeated, with increased sternness, turning me almost roughly by the shoulder that the light might fall on my face. "Speak!" "What do you think I mean?" I asked morosely. "We've bested 'em, ain't we? I've got you right away from 'em, ain't I? Isn't it me what's done 'em for you?" He drew a deep breath of relief, and then in a tone of wonderful tenderness said: "Forgive me, little friend. I thought you meant something very different from that. I do not understand English well. But how did you get so wet?" "I couldn't drop out of the hole into the water down there without getting wet, could I?" said I, still with an air of resentment, though I had forgiven him in my heart the moment he spoke again with kindness. "Come, you need dry clothes—rest. I will take you to your friends." "I ain't got no friends. You leave me here. I'm all right. Go quick past the house." "Not without you. If you have no friends, I will take you to mine." I stopped—he had drawn me onward as he spoke—and shook my head. The rank smell of burning seemed to fill the air. He might see the flames bursting up in the bar of the Joy and learn what I had done. I would rather separate now than risk meeting his angry reproach. "Don't be afraid," said he, mistaking the cause of my reluctance to pass the Joy. "No one shall hurt you nor me either now my hands are free. Come." His strong hand was on my arm. I could not resist his command. But as if I were in terror of Putty from that we might pass the Joy quickly, giving him no time to find out that I had set the place on fire over the heads of his enemies. "Stay," said he, checking me when we were some distance down Sweet Apple lane. "You have run far enough. There is no danger now, and we have still a good way to walk. There are no cabs in this part of London."

"as must be pretty bad if it was." "It is pretty bad." "What are you going to do with the dark man with the room I should like?" "Keep him at arm's length." "But 'speakin'." I persisted tentatively. "You ain't got a gun in a corner or in a hole, wouldn't you drop something on him and smash him?" "That would be murder." "Garn, ay? It ain't murder, it's justice. You only does for him what he'd do for you if he got a chance." "That's the law of the street, and it would be murder, and I should pray for strength to resist the last of vengeance that leads to it. For think, little friend, of the misery that follows the degradation and shame of being shunned by innocent women and good men, the feeling that one is not fit to kiss a child." He said more, but I could not follow him for thinking of the men I had left to die in the Mariner's Joy, whom I had murdered for this—to be shunned forever by Tarry. A sickness overcame me. I must have stumbled or reeled, for Tarry stopped suddenly and held me up. "You're faint. Let us sit down on this step," he said. "No. We will go on. I shan't be easily again." He drew my arm through his and made me lean on him, telling me that we had now but a little way to go. Learning that I wished that we might go on forever and ever and never reach our journey's end. "Talk to me," I said. He proposed a brighter subject, but I would not hear of that and made him tell me more about the dark man and the joy. "He is nothing but an instrument," said Tarry. "I hear him no ill will. He does what he is paid to do, like a soldier who lowers his rifle and kills another soldier at the command of his officer. It isn't the unreasoning man who executes an unjust law, but the thinking man who makes the law, who should die." And then he went on to speak of many things beyond the reach of my reason, but that made no difference to me. I heard his voice like a flowing stream of music that softened my heart and lighted up my soul with an exquisite emotion such as I had never before felt. And I knew not why. It seems strange, anomalous, unaccountable to me, as I look back now, that these feelings should suddenly spring up in my being, which had hitherto been dead to all the influences of nature. But surely it was not more exceptional than the revelation of a new world to the blind whose eyes after years of darkness are opened. We stopped before a small house in a by street of the Minories, and Tarry rang a bell. The door was opened instantly by a fair haired young woman and her husband. They were friends who expected the arrival of Tarry with the three men whom he had been led to believe were friends. They looked at me in mute astonishment when we entered the shop—a tobacconist's—as Tarry in his own tongue briefly explained what had occurred. But when he had spoken the man took my hands in his, and pressing them told me in his broken English that I should never want a friend while he and his wife lived. She could speak no English except "yes" and "no," but she understood what her husband said, I think, for she nodded a smiling agreement with his promise and kissed me heartily upon both cheeks, despite the dirt upon them. Then she led me quickly to a room up stairs where a bright fire was burning, and chatting merrily all the while, sometimes to me, sometimes to her husband who followed, bringing a big bath and a can of hot water. She laid out a complete change of clothes for me, and when they had made me understand that supper was waiting for me below they left me with more cheerful smiles and expressions of kindness. To all their amiable overtures I made no response—not once opening my lips to thank them. Their sympathy and solicitude bewildered me, being as strange and incomprehensible to me as the language they spoke. I had never had to thank anybody in all my life for anything, and the sentiment of gratitude was as unknown to me as the experience of gentle treatment. Indeed I seemed to have stepped suddenly into another world where all was untried and dreamlike. As dreamlike was the physical sensation produced by the warmth of the bath and the comfort of clean, dry clothing. A delicious languor steeped my senses in forgetfulness of misery, and yielding to the impulse of the moment I threw myself upon the soft bed and the next minute lost consciousness of everything.

CHAPTER VI.
THE LAST RESORT.
I awoke with a feeling of overpowering heat and suffocation. The bedclothes had been drawn over my shoulders, and my head, sinking from the pillow, had buried my face beneath them. But before this unusual condition was discovered another explanation presented itself to my half-awakened imagination. I was at the bottom of a burning pit. Drigo and Putty were there, struggling with each other and trampling me beneath them in their frantic efforts to escape, and Tarry was looking down at me with that stern severity which I had seen but once in his face. He would not stretch out his hand to save me, but with the same unflinching expression turned his head and slowly walked away. I started up, looking about me wildly. The fire had burned down. Only a few embers glowed in the grate. The lamp was turned down; its light fell upon some foot spread upon the table. Then I realized my position. My face and hands were wet and clammy with heat and terror. That terrible, warning dream haunted me. What should I do? The thought of lying down again to sleep was repugnant to me, with the dread of dreaming again. It must be nearly morning for the fire to have burned so low. In a little while that fair haired woman and her husband would come with friendly greetings. He would press my hands and stroke my cheeks again. I was not unaccountable of the kindness and generosity that animated them, and yet the prospect of meeting them was, I knew not why, as repugnant to me as the idea of sleeping again in their bed. Walking across the room, my eye fell upon some children's toys and a doll upon a shelf. They perplexed me with a new and unaccountable fear. Turning to the mantelpiece I saw a photograph in a frame hanging on the wall. It was a child, the owner of the doll and playthings on the shelf—perhaps the fair haired woman's child. At that supposition the cause of my repugnant fear was revealed to me, and remembering the word of Tarry I said to myself: "This is the honest woman and the good man who would shrink from me. This is the child whose lips I may not kiss." What then? I asked. Let them shame me. Who wants their kindness or friendship? Not I. The world is good enough without them while Tarry smiles. But how long will he smile? By this time the flames had found the charred bodies and every one was talking of the tragedy at the Mariner's Joy. Soon enough, in a few hours

the news will reach Tarry, and he will know what I have done—know that I am a murderer. Then he too, like the Tarry in my prophetic vision, will turn his back on me without one pang of pity and go away. Should I stay and suffer that? My spirit rose in wild protest. That dream should not be realized; that pitiless look should not forever haunt my life. With these thoughts running through my fevered imagination, I hunted about the room for the golden ring I had taken off. They were gone. The woman had removed them with the determination that I should not wear them again. Well, I would take those she had given me to wear. It mattered little whether they were a gift or not. It would not add greatly to their loathing to know that the murderers was a thief as well. I put on the shoes she had left and took a woollen shawl as well to wrap about my head; then opening the door cautiously so that no noise might awaken the sleeping household I found my way down stairs by the glimmer of light that came from below. The shop was before me, but on the right of the stairs was a half open door. The light was in that room, and glancing in I saw Tarry stretched on a couch asleep. I could go no farther. The thought that I should look upon his face no more seemed to take away all power from my mind and body, and I stood there dazed with that sense of utter harassment, until impelled by a wild desire I passed into the room and drew myself close to him. I sank up to his knees and put my face so close to his that I felt his breath upon my cheek, but I could not see him for the tears that blinded me. My fingers hung quivering over him, for I yearned to touch him, yet dared not. My tears ran down his cheeks and fell upon the floor. Then I could see him. The same sweet kindness was on his face that had wakened my soul from its lethargy. "That is what I will remember all my life," I said to myself as I rose. His watch lay on a table, and beside it a ring I had noticed on his finger when I was cutting the cord that bound his hands. I took it, feeling that he would not begrudge me this for a keepsake. There was for in the street, but the copy lack ground to the line of house tops and the quick, heavy tread of men going to work showed that it was morning. I had no knowledge of the neighborhood, but that did not trouble me. My only object was to get away from Tarry and hide myself where he could never come to kill my happy memories with a reproachful look. After a while I knew by the long lines of carts and barrows, the voices of porters and coolies and the small of fish that I must be near Billingsgate market, and soon after I saw the monument looming in the yellow fog. I crossed the bridge and went down the steps into Tooley street, not with any definite object, but because the thick darkness down there seemed to offer oblivion. Finding myself alone at the foot of the steps, I tore off a piece of trimming from my dress, and passing it through Tarry's ring, I tied it round my neck, hiding the ring in my bosom. I have, but the faintest recollection of what happened during the day, my mind being too scared by previous events to be sensitive to slight impressions. I remember feeling watched and hungry and sick with the fatigue of walking. I wandered on because I found no place to rest until I reached the Green which park about dusk. There I fell asleep on a bench. It was raining when I awoke, but it was too dark to distinguish anything, even the trees, and I could not sleep again for shivering with cold and the aching of my body. So I sat there in dull resignation, watching the daylight come and marking one by one the heavy drops as they plashed on the bench beside me, falling from the tangles above, until goaded by hunger I threw off my lethargy and went down into the town. It was still early, but the coffee shops were open, their windows clouded by the warmth within. The first one I entered was full of customers, and the man serving them was so busy that he scarcely glanced at me in replying to my humble appeal for food. "Oh, I ain't got the time to attend to business—out you go!" said he, bustling along with his hands full of empty cups. The next one was less crowded, and a woman was in the kitchen before the dining fire. She turned round, setting her hands on her hips, and looked me down from head to foot as I asked her to give me something to eat and drink. "I ain't got no money, but I'll do a job of work for it," I said. Had I worn my old rags she would certainly have given me something, for these people are never wanting in charity of that kind, but the dress I wore excited her mistrust. "Ain't got no money," said she, "and you dressed like that with a gown good enough for me. Why, what have you done?" and as I made no reply she continued: "You're run away from service and done something wrong. Don't tell me. You've got it in your face. You wouldn't look so wild if you hadn't done a mischief. No, my girl, I don't employ young women of your sort—high laced boots and all—and you can take 'em for an answer and go." The fog which sheltered me from observation the day before had given place to a driving rain, and now as I plodded on through the streets every one noticed me. Two factory girls, with the fringe and gaudy ostrich feathers of their class, stopped, gazing right before me. "Oh, my Lor, look at her, Liz!" said one, and then as I passed she broke forth into a shriek of laughter and derision. The spectacle was grotesque enough to excite coarse wit—a girl, with malicious madness in her face, dragging slowly along the street in the drenching rain, and respectably dressed. That did not occur to me then. I was too dejected to lead ridicule or to ask myself what there was in my misery that seemed ludicrous. When I grew dizzy and felt too weak to walk, I turned down a by street, hoping to find another lunch where I might rest a little. But I had walked away from the park, and the by street only led me into a disolate waste, broken by a few squallid houses in scattered blocks, a gas works and here and there in the dim horizon a factory shaft. Not a bank to sit on—not even a railing to rest against—nothing but a level stretch of mud and refuse thickly patterned with tufts of grimy nettles and withered grass, an other sky above and a distance gray with the slanting rain. I plodded on doggedly—why should I go back—with my head down, like a jaded beast, sometimes closing my eyes to shut out the surroundings which seemed to add to the sick loathing within me, stumbling in rough places, careless whether I fell or not, benumbed, dazed, more asleep than awake. The low of a tug aroused me, and lifting my head drowsily I found that I was by the side of the river, separated from it only by a narrow causeway and a strip of oozy shingle. The factories on the other side were half hidden in their own smoke, beaten down by the rain. The line of shore upon this side was unbroken save by a bulk that stood aground at some distance. I saw that the tide was in the market



I walked out still further. I could that hung over the river and watched the swell it made flow up the shingle and recede, flowing again and falling in diminishing waves until the last ripple faded away, leaving the stream as still as a pond under the steady rain. It was time to go on again, now that there was nothing more to notice. Which way should I go? I asked myself, and then, Where should I go, and why? Neither shelter nor food was to be got by walking, nothing but aching pain in body and soul. Better to stop here and rest. A wisp of straw came into sight, floating down with the stream so easily that I envied its condition. To lie upon the water and knowing nothing, feeling nothing, to pass away in endless sleep, surely that must be good. It would not be colder to lie in the river than to stand shivering in the rain. Nothing could be worse than living. I walked down the shingle and stood in the water. It seemed warm to my feet. I walked out still further, and my limbs ceased to shake under me. What a fool I had been to endure such misery, with this alternative at hand! I went out more swiftly till the water lifted me from my feet, and I felt myself going on and on without exertion. I put my hands up to my breast to see if the ring was there and clasped them upon it to keep it safe. Then out of the darkness that closed over me the kind face of Tarry came into sight, and out of the rushing sound in my ears his voice spoke, I know not what, but with the tones I had heard before of soothing music. Everything was fading away like ideas at the approach of sleep, but at the very last the kind eyes smiled as if Tarry in those dying sounds were saying: "Farewell, little friend."

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